

INSIDE REPORT:  
WHY STANFIELD LOST

TEN WAYS TO SURVIVE INFLATION

AUGUST 1974

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



50¢

# Maclean's

Sneak preview of Hugh MacLennan's new book  
Gordon Pinsent is no Newfie joke



True Grit: How Margie wowed them on the stump

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# Maclean's

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## INSIDE MACLENNAN'S

Hugh MacLennan, Canada's preeminent novelist, has been taking wild rivers and their meanders for decades. He has written about them, studied them, traversed them and flows over them — but he has never thought of them merely as geographical entities. Always the river is his hero, meant as opportunity to let him tell as they will. And always, from the same Canadian waterways we see other tales for granted, he has been able to wing much of what he has heard of the Canadian identity. He has brought a new perspective to the historical, political and philosophical musings of these streams.

That's why his newest book, *Rivers Of Canada*, is essential reading. To write it, he says, he tried to "think like a river" and the success of this approach is evident in reading that the book is not too much as it is the river's own. MacLennan spent a third of his years writing the 140,000 words that cover the 33 rivers presented in the volume. He traversed thousands of miles, on foot and by air, visiting each one, he spent weeks and months telling us the people who had grown up by the riverbanks. During this time, his publisher, Macmillan Company of Canada, commissioned John de Visser (whose work is well known to readers of this magazine) to capture in pictures what the author described in words. MacLennan's aim was to create "the pen of our most distinguished novelist with the lens of our most distinguished photographer."

This month, and in the two issues that follow, MacLennan will be publishing excerpts from this important new work by the first-time winner of the Governor General's Award. We will also be reprinting several of the 69 full-color photos by De Visser. Both words and pictures should make a clear why MacLennan found "that a personal discovery of the rivers of Canada was also a discovery of the country which had given us a home."



MACLENNAN — DE VISSER

Over: Photograph of Margaret Trudeau by Stephen Thomas, reprinted by David Dunlop Press article, CP Forum 6, pages 5, 6, 10, 16, 20, 22; Stephen Thomas, pages 5, 6, 7, 10, 20; Thomas, pages 5, 6, 10, 16, 20, 22; Toronto Star, pages 16, 20; Toronto Star, pages 16, 20; University of Toronto, Ontario.

# Belmont Milds

When mildness  
becomes important...



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## BEAUTIFUL GUYS FINISH FIRST

*The Prime Minister became the Jolly Populist*

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

OTTAWA—There was a hush in the ballrooms of the Chateau Laurier Hotel when Pierre and Margaret Trudeau arrived just before midnight on July 10th to acknowledge their triumph. Little flames of lake fighting flared around the couple's heads as the press photographers closed in for that one great shot they're always hunting. But over the back of the hall, behind the raised platforms on which the TV cameras stood like sacred artillery pieces, roared for a long time, a member of the PM's staff said to no one in particular, "I can almost smell the familiar scent of liberal arrogance wafting into the room." A Press Gallery veteran replied, "Yeah, while he gets to the microphone, I wouldn't be too surprised if Trudeau announced that now he has his respect he's revoking the War Measures Act for the next four years so he won't have to bother his Perfect Self with all this little piddling details."

But in the next 15 minutes, while Trudeau did his humble turn in front of the cameras, the winners were proven at least less poorly wrong, nothing in the Prime Minister's political life has come from his acceptance of this astonishing victory. Still, the optics was impressive, in an extreme way, a vague fear that must have been in the minds of many Canadians as their heads swayed over their bolala earlier on that long summer day: how large a voice of confidence would it take to turn Pierre the Jolly Populist of 1974 back into Pierre the Prime Minister of 1977?

Nobody will know the answer for months, maybe years. But my hunch is that Trudeau won't retreat again into his ivory cocoon. If there is one thing this election demonstrated, it was his flexibility, the ability to bend his broad intellect to new circumstances and to take the advice of the enlightened pragmatism (Keith Davy, Jan Cautin, Jerry Gresham and Eddie Rubin among them) who rallied to his aid.

This same kind of flexibility of attitude should be applied at once to the problem of inflation. It has to be tackled not so much as how we're doing on the OECD scale of fiscal performance, but in terms of the terrible hardships runaway prices inflict on people's lives. Trudeau stamped the country with the whirring that Jerry Adams were wrongheaded and supplemented, that his own approach was too complex to be decided out there on the shores and the peninsula, but that it would involve his own brand of political courage.

It can be said (and it was, often, in the days just after his victory) that the great outpouring of support for Trudeau was in much a vote of confidence in his opponents as it was a vote of confidence in the PM. But why or how the Liberals won is far less relevant than the fact that Trudeau has been granted that most of political headstrong, a second chance. What he needs to demonstrate now is that he knows how to lead, not just that he can provide over a government but that he can genuinely respond to a nation's true needs. ☐

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# MARGARET'S FIRST HURRAH

From wife-and-mother to perfectly preserved flower child on the road back to 24 Sussex

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

In the years of Trudeau reign that he spent it may well develop that the Prime Minister is the second most interesting resident of 24 Sussex Drive.

What the crop and collected Liberal campaign of '74 accomplished this winter, in addition to the considerable feat of electing a majority government, was the coming out of Margaret Thatcher Trudeau, who was revealed as a fun lady whose personal life has not been spoiled in Canadian history since John A. Macdonald's spouse rode through the Rocky Mountains on the crownchair of a CPR cabin because the marrieds in unobstructed view.

Only 25 years old, the youngest ever wife of a Canadian prime minister, the youngest woman at present married to any world leader, cloistered in rigid privacy throughout the three years since her marriage, Margaret Trudeau went into the campaign a figure of mystery to Canadians and hoped to keep it that way. She was gambling that the world electorate for two months to help Pierre Elliott Trudeau to victory and, when the election was over, escape back to seclusion without having been turned into a pillar of plastic in the meantime.

She accomplished it and in the process turned every average federal election campaign into the nearest thing to a love-in that has been seen since young people in bare feet used to give flowers to politicians.

It was to be expected that eventually, one of the veterans of the Soviet revolution of long hair, moose, peace symbols and deliberate poverty would reach a position of affluence, still looking concerned, homemade bread, still hugging strangers, and still saying truth and brotherhood is a sensible way to run the world.

It could not have been imagined that it would happen so soon, in the Seventies, with most of the original crew of intelligent, articulate and wellborn hippies now retired to communes, film festivals and cross-country on 10-speed bikes, raising their asexual hangovers. About half way through the election campaign, however, it became apparent that the Prime Minister of Canada is married to a perfectly preserved flower child. "She's so gorgeous you can't stand it," observed Dan Tarrat, whose lengthy and revealing interview with her a year ago was both a scoop and a sensation. Deep Sault, a Canadian Press reporter with such enthusiasm for his craft that even younger womenfolk fed old, shared a car with Margaret Trudeau toward the end of the campaign when she had made a circuit without Trudeau of some small towns in Quebec's Eastern Townships. They talked for about an hour on the way back to Montreal and he later confessed he was almost relaxed when the talk it was off the record.

She professes that effect on people who talk to her for any length of time: they worry she's going to get hurt. Her mundaneness and trust are like the artistry of a high-wire act, all guts and beauty — but what is she doing up there? What's the matter with adulthood?

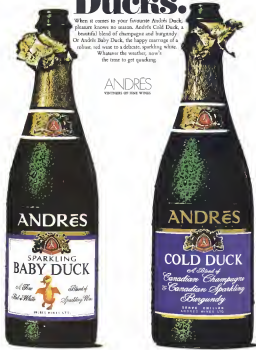
None of this was immediately apparent when the campaign began because Margaret Trudeau was giving a demonstration of what she thought was expected of a prime minister's wife appearing in public. Since she had almost no experience in that line of work she had to keep concentrating: smile, shake hands, be graceful, say nothing!

It proved a strain. "I was just sitting there, riding in a role," she later explained. "I had this crazy idea that I had

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ANDRÉ'S  
VINTAGES OF FINE WINE





"...However slick it looked, Margaret Trudeau's participation was her own idea, formed on the night of the '72 election..."

to have everyone's approval. I think it has something to do with being one of five daughters."

Nevertheless, she was well received. The only criticism, in fact, was directed at Trudeau and the Liberal strategists who were seen as exploiting her appeal to gain votes, and as cynics and disingenuous.

It had a confirmed look: the richness of her exposure to the public and Trudeau's 1972 statement that she would never be used in a campaign. ("The whole idea is repugnant to me") seem to bear that out. Her quirkiness of daisy beauty and avocet ways, the continuity guaranteed by the 25-year age difference between the Trudeaus and the almost total information blackout on her, all combined to bring out the crowds and assure media star status. She also helped improve the image of her husband as the hapless Trudeau of the flared nostrils. With her by his side it was easier to believe her charges, a romantic family feud.

However slick it looked, and it happened to coincide with what the Grit strategists had in mind, Margaret Trudeau's participation was her own idea, arrived at independently on the night of the '72 election while her husband was bloody contesting his losses.

The problem at the time was that the voters just didn't know Trudeau. If they thought he was cold and cold, as the commentators and they were wrong. She reassured that if she went with him during the next campaign, people would see them together would see his grayer side.

So late as May, as the second wave of news about the Trudeau Express whistle-stopped for four days through the Maritimes and Quebec, Margaret Trudeau was alone to be introduced everywhere as "wife and mother" and to listen with an ethereal smile and red eyes fall on her husband while he delivered his speech.

Their two-year-old Sasha remained at home, but the campaign train carried Sasha, five-months old and still being breast-fed. After the first jet it began to seem complete that a baby was involved in a federal election campaign, his wail of indignation when he was hungry rising over the clamor of typewriters as reporters met deadlines and speech writers prepared drafts. People on the Prime Minister's train even grew accustomed to the high comely of the Trudeau sisters at airports or gala dinners. Their belated goodbyes would show up behind

the pulsating red lights of a motorcade escort to be overloaded by barely security men of bananas, diaper bags, folding strollers and teddy bears, while Sasha in his mother's arms watched the scene with round blue eyes.

The presence of Sasha, a Swedish no-flicker, wiper would have seemed to include in a script about a prime minister fighting for political renewal, was too much for some critics, who were already portraying the campaign as a long ride on Margaret's coattails. There was also a mild complaint from Margaret herself. What she minded, she told one reporter, was being made into a platform object labeled womanism.

It was sure for her to talk to reporters, even briefly. Ever since her obscurely secret wedding on March 4, 1971, the former Margaret Sinclair had simply disappeared into 24 Sussex Drive, emerging only to greet the Queen or, on alternate Christmas days, give birth to a son. "Trudeau kept saying that she was one of our heroes," reflected Charles Lynch Southern News Service's paternalism in the Ottawa Press Gallery. "There was a lot of pressure on us from our editors to get stories about her, but eventually we did as he wished and left her alone. I think we were wrong. He was asking for more privacy than any other public figure in Canada."

During the closing days of the '72 campaign Margaret Trudeau made a few appearances with her husband but spoke to no one outside the Prime Minister's party. Reporters therefore were thunderstruck when she popped into the press box one day and said clearly, "Hi! I hope you have seen her back here."

Her pose and offhandedness simply didn't fit with the media's vision of Margaret the Unicorn. She found an empty seat next to a young reporter, Dan Turner, and chatted with a candor that startled him.

When he asked her to interview the gut him off, but after eight months of patient negotiation finally agreed to it. The crash was Turner's famous very spontaneous across the country by the Toronto Star. In it Margaret Trudeau talked of the deep influence on her of the British poet William Blake and J. Krishnamurti, both of whom believe in an infinite cosmos beyond space and time.

She spoke of "being innocent, being giving, being spontaneous, loving and living now," all perking from



"...She gave her first speech in the open, unguarded style of her generation which had never before graced any political rally..."

Child-lessness through the searings hall of Experience and breeding through one. High Innocence, a weightless state of total self-realization transcending age. Many readers could make neither head nor tail of it and took comfort in Turner's breezy aside that the saved him colors and edges. But a number of young Canadians of approximately her age suddenly knew exactly who was living at 24 Sussex Drive and couldn't believe it.

Bob Hunter of the Vancouver Star that paper's link with the cream-cakes, expressed his astonished delight. Turner's interview, he said, "broke the bubble of illusion." The story placed Margaret Trudeau "squarely in the mainstream of nonconformist hippie thought."

With that the present returned to the cattle and the feedbridge was declared permanently up once more. There was a curious absence of public interest in some of the disclaimers in Turner's article or in the earlier cover-story in *Chuckle* magazine (*Margaret Trudeau — The Girl Who Coupled The PM*) done by two able Vancouver reporters, Simon Holt (now a Liberal M.P.) and Roy Kopp. They had circumvented the refusal of her family to be interviewed by tracking down former schoolteachers, neighbors and childhood friends.

The two sources agreed that Margaret Joan Sinclair, fourth born of five daughters of a former federal cabinet minister, Brian Sinclair, and his 22-year-younger wife Kathleen, was well-built, friendly, beautiful and adored by all. The ideal childhood though her, at 18, to exactly the right time, place, age and background to take part in the 1967 summer that began the youth revolution variously blamed on Sputnik, the Vietnam war, Bob Dylan, marijuana, permissiveness, affluence, the Beatles and the U.S. Supreme Court decision on school desegregation.

She got involved in the student radical movement at Simon Fraser University, though never in the riots (Quakerism of any kind always turns her off — she even had Trudeauism); she popped out on Long Beach on Vancouver Island's west coast; and after a precociously early college graduation at 20 she spent seven months in Morocco living in close to the Moroccan life, the could get, which in a 16-week-day hotel room was close enough to keep her patients in a state of peace known only to other radical life projects with similar's insensitive children.

It says a good deal about the equality of Canadian that these recollections about the activities of these Prime Ministers wife seemed barely so significant. The judgment of her vision, based on the evidence of Margaret Trudeau on a bride breaking and clinging to her husband during their state visit to Russia, Margaret Trudeau as a broody mother full of tenderness, and Margaret Trudeau on a political platform with say blouses flooding her generous complexion, was that she was simply a nice, sweet young thing with good common sense.

Nothing brings Margaret Trudeau into quicker despair than being categorized, which is why in the middle of the election campaign early in June she was feeling depressed. The tear had reached her home town, Vancouver, where she would be leaving June, and the newly married Sasha with her parents for a few weeks. It was a sunny evening, June 4, and the agents regarded the Trudeaus to attend a Liberal rally being staged in a high school.

She was literally slowly through the press of people outside the school, walking steadily, making a few controversial gestures, shaking hands and reflecting contempt on the over-intrusive crowds, assuring some people. By now just inside the door of the building were two women and a child. Margaret Trudeau stuck out her hand into maternally, then realized they were her sisters, Heather and Betty, with Heather's daughter Kate. Moved to tears by the unexpectedness of it, she embraced them.

Something in that would remember dissolved her anxiety of being in public, gave her confidence enough to stop faking the need to be formal. She took her sisters' appearance as a gesture of love and approval: it was just what she needed. She turned over a new leaf, she would be herself on all future occasions, private or public. That was the evening she gave her first speech on her own, introducing her husband to the crowd as "a very loving human being," "my and modest and very, very kind" and "quite a beautiful guy." It's the open, unguarded style of her gestures but it had never before graced any political rally in the western world.

It was only the beginning. She got rid of the dramatic blue patent pumps she had been wearing and substituted earth shoes, snugly comfortable but odd-looking with their lowered heels. "I hadn't worn them before because I

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It Leads a Double Life

## "...In her new emancipation she would tolerate nothing trite. Her conversations with strangers had the flavor of real interest..."

thought people would think from only," she explained, "but after that night I decided well, what the hell, why the hell not? I was just going to be a housewife and begin to take a leading role in life, a real role!"

Crowds improved for her when she began to really look at life, most of which turned out to be beautiful. She discovered a trick to protect her hand from being hurt by fearful squinting. If she could catch the person's eye just before taking their hand, they wouldn't hurt her. The method worked so consistently that the crowded shaking hands with people wearing dark glasses, which she found eye contact.

In her new emancipation, she would tolerate nothing trite. Her conversations with strangers had the flavor of genuine interest. A woman in Vancouver spoke of an 18-year-old child and Margaret said reflexively, "Explosion is wonderful — they've got their dream." She said to Keith Maclellan, a Liberal Party worker in Vancouver, "You've got to risk losing in order to win big. I put my skepticism in my back pocket four years ago and I'll tell you it's the only way to be a total believer..."

When someone in Vancouver asked about her children she stopped cold and told the woman about Sasha, stuffing himself on ice cream now that she wasn't around to enforce his routine, how Justin mimicked all the days of her absence as he went to school.

In the middle of June, when the chartered DC-9 was bringing the Prime Minister's tour back to Ottawa after a swing through the Maritimes, Margaret Trudeau gave Merivale an interview. It was evening midnight and she had changed to jeans and was curled up on the corner of the aircraft's first row of seats, her knees drawn up.

"It took five years off my life when I arrived to be real on this campaign," she said. "It's like Margaret Trudeau's Saturday. I feel as though I've been underground for a long time." She considered "My contribution is that I'm the real stuff," she said. "I'm not going to play any games. I've got nothing to hide, no one can do to my hair. I'm sure I can improve, but right now I'm being the very best person I can."

Ottawa has noticed that she walks a good deal by herself, deep in thought. What she thinks about, frequently, is how to avoid being packaged. "I've fought hard for freedom," she said. "I'm not going to be taken over as property."

The four years after 1967 when she was the social mediator that existed in her greenhouse offered "a chance to prove innocence, to wonder at life, the right to be children," she said her parents struggled with the consequences that had on their expectations for her. "I've never known one moment's hunger or anxiety," she told them, pleading for a chance to capture her father's wonder if she was becoming dangerously radical.

She was just back from Morocco, growing vegetables and watching the sea coming in and out at her grandmother's, when her mother called to say that the Prime Minister wanted to have dinner with her. She'd run her before during a family vacation, and liked him, but she didn't want to go. She felt too isolated and lonely.

Her mother counsel her Margaret called by saying she had nothing to wear, nothing that might show. Her mother said she would pick out some suitable clothes and did. She went to dinner feeling like someone in disguise. "But he spent me through it," she said. "She loved him at once. And over decades spent walking in woods and on mountains talking about their lives, he became convinced that marriage would work."

When she arrived in Ottawa in 1971 as the wife of Canada's Prime Minister, 32 years old and fresh from having breakfast in her grandmother's kitchen by the sea, transported with on tradition posed to the necessary line of a diplomatic reception, she was offered much advice.

"Lots of people were ready to package and use me," she said bluntly, "which made me react strongly against getting involved with them." Mother of four, without self-pity, she added, "I was cut off from my friends, and I got disillusioned from friendships. It's not easy for me to make new friends, and the women of Ottawa, most of my generation, haven't been through the experience I have."

After her Vancouver speech her defense of her right to be herself moved to a new battlefield. The Liberal Party's strategy team, hearing the sounds of rebelling from many colleagues, desisted on her side and her thoughts as loving were nurtured but in the future they would be happy to wait her speeches for her.

She said to She said she would campaign in her own way and give her own speeches. When she was scheduled



"...She said she erred when she said Pierre taught her about loving. She taught him about love; he taught her about living..."

to talk about women in politics at a Liberal rally in Saint-Hyacinthe, a woman in her husband's office cheerfully provided "some basic points." Margaret Trudeau replied that she didn't want them.

"But that's political dynamite," she recalls the woman saying. "You might say something wrong."

"No, I won't." Usually a silent spectator at campaign conferences, she found herself speaking that she was an indigenous woman, an honors graduate, a mother of two children who had a stake in the country, and that she had a contribution to make. "My mouth just opened and I said I've got something to offer," she relates.

What comes out, usually, is advice that the politicians find outrageous: that they should be simple, real and, well, loving. They tell her that isn't practical, she says, try it.

She has been underlining the boys in the backroom for years. In the past it has been a confused war: When her husband comes home tired after a long day at the office and tells her that they think he needs a haircut, she says badly, "Don't let them put you off!" It's a matter of principle with her: she's anti-plastic.

Her family's close friend, Senator Ray Perrault of Vancouver, once commented, "Anyone who says that Margaret Trudeau can be ordered around doesn't know Jimmy Sinclair or the Sinclair girls. They have a stubborn Swiss streak in them and they can really dig it."

On the campaign, she was urging the Prime Minister to throw away his prepared speeches and talk to people "from inside," advice he seemed to take, at least in part. His speechwriter seemed to be shifting: such words as "gentle" and "compassionate" kept cropping up.

Through it all, once the first round, while she began to campaign with him in Newfoundland to the final afternoon on Toronto's Centre Island, she watched her adoringly whenever he was speaking and smiled without ceasing, her posture tranquil and undistracted.

She said during the interview that she erred on the night she said he had taught her about loving (and when her constant promoter a rhubarb laughter from the audience, she was checked: love is a sacred word with her). She taught him about love; he taught her about living.

Her campaign affairs began to laugh into the relation-

ship between them. The Prime Minister, 54 and an asthetic intellectual, conditioned to be fragile with feelings, most amazed at how free she is. For her part she was feeling advice when they began dating, and he provided the strength she needed at that time. "He took me by the hand and helped me face life," she explains. "Pierre helped me find the strongest answers."

Both seem to be changed in the three years they have been married and almost isolated socially, since she had little in common with his old friends or he with hers. During the campaign both kept noting people they had known a long time who revolved at the difference. His changes were said to be in the direction of earnestness, while the young people who slipped out of crowds to hug her would say, "She's really settled down. She's found her love and she's happy. You can tell by looking at her."

One of these, Mary Jo Campbell, a friend from Simon Fraser University, met her outside Mark's Ramen campaign headquarters in Vancouver. There was a whiff of moment when the two looked at one another without words. Mary Jo with her arms around a lean youth in jeans, Margaret about to get back into a station wagon covered with Liberal campaign posters.

When the wagon drove away, Mary Jo said of her friend, "She's a very pure person, she always has been. She really knows how to love."

On the final day of the campaign, 38 hours away from the Liberal victory, the Tradouws were paying a call on an international picnic on Centre Island in the Toronto bay. The PM made a brief speech, extolling the "beautiful day, beautiful people," and then gave the last word to her.

She stepped to a microphone dressed in a floor-length gingham dress and her hair down, with a bare coin necklace before a primrose had thrown to her and she promptly had passed on. She said, in her light little-girl voice, "I started this campaign by getting into a lot of trouble because I tried to tell people about love and many of them took it the wrong way. But that's about all I can talk about because I really believe in love."

She made it all the way through the campaign, as she hoped the world. Nobody programmed her, nobody pitched her, nobody pushed her around. Anyone who thinks he can do this I know the Sinclair girls. ♡



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# YOUR VIEW

## Getting the point

I read with interest John Guah's article on acupuncture in your May issue, but I must take exception to a couple of the things that he said.

I challenge the author to provide scientifically valid proof for the related statement: "It has been proven to be an effective treatment for neuritis, arthritis, rheumatism, vertigo, high blood pressure, migraine headaches, lambrago, acne and psoriasis, neuro-striated cramps, asthma, hay fever and even emphysema."

Acupuncture has provided relief from pain (although frequently only temporarily) or otherwise helped some patients with some of these conditions, to state categorically that "it has proven to be an effective treatment" for this list of disorders is not only inaccurate but a cruel misleading hoax on the thousands of patients who will be encouraged to seek an expensive cure for these diseases. Secondly, the medical profession has no desire "to control acupuncture" any more than it does physiotherapy, massage or anything else which it is used as a substitute for. Thus, for the protection of the public from charlatan quacks and well-meaning but inadequately trained practitioners, the profession believes the use of acupuncture must be controlled. To cite only one example of why it should be "under medical supervision" or otherwise controlled, it is essential to have a diagnosis before you can properly treat a patient. The best suitably trained acupuncture is the world with no medical training, who accepts patients, guesses at what is wrong and treats them. A disclaimer looking for some place to happen.

The Canadian medical profession

believes that acupuncture can be an effective technique under which to carry out some forms of surgery and to relieve or prevent some types of pain. It may prove to be helpful in the treatment of some conditions — for a portion of the patients involved — but it certainly is not the cure-all that it too frequently is reported to be. It is a disservice to the public — and to acupuncture — to even suggest it.

D. A. GERRIE, DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS, CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, OTTAWA

## Constant readers

In writing this letter I break the habit of a lifetime. I do so now because Maclean's has in three articles of the May issue struck a high note in modern day journalism.

When Peter C. Newman in his editorial says that the entry of the WFL would have a devastating effect on Canadian football, he is saying something that every Canadian should realize. No Canadian newspaper that I know of had the courage to say it.

The article by Ed Fine on the union of Canada is by far the best thing of its kind that I have ever read and I am an avid reader. I wish it could be repeated and read to the millions of Canadians who have suffered because of union machinations. Most union members are decent citizens but they are tossed around by a handful of manipulators who pretend interest in the "working man."

Finally, Walter Stewart's analysis of Pierre Trudeau is a fine job. I sometimes find extreme bias in Stewart's articles, but in this one he has come a long way back to reasonable objectivity. All in all, your May issue was a real breath of fresh air.

GERARD HARRIS GONZALEZ, BURLINGTON

"I wish I had said that." Such was my reaction to your editorial in the May issue of Maclean's.

Canadian football is distinctly Canadian and should be maintained as such.

Like you and tens of thousands of other Canadians, I would rather see and cheer Ronan Lawrence throwing and completing a forward pass — which I was against the Lions — than any U.S. (football) league quarterback any day of the week.

Also, I would watch a Grey Cup Final in preference to a Rose Bowl or Super Bowl game should they be played in the same time slot.

G. N. GARD, WEST KANSAS CITY

I was very pleased to see articles about labor in the May Maclean's. Ed Fine's report on the trade unions' control of the media surrounding unions today and Jim Porter's look at a friendly worker's life was a refreshing change from your usual practice of writing only about problems and ruling-class members of society.

MURRAY MICHAM, OTTAWA

## Consciousness rising

Jack McCollough's warning (*Modernizing Our Political System*, May) that Canada's situation is in great peril regarding obtaining economic independence should be predicted from the language. Otherwise the day is almost upon us when the President of the United States will issue direct instructions to Ottawa.

Definitely the Senate of Canada should be turned into a useful body whose sole function would be to frame policies concerning the future of Canada. Then the public should be given the right to vote or to approve policies by referendum but they are implemented by the House of Commons.

Walter Stewart's brilliant "propositional representation by provinces" rather than "proportional representation" should also be implemented.

Thank God Canada is blessed with such gifted writers as Peter C. Newman, Jack McCollough, Walter Stewart and many others to lead Canadians to clearly understand the basic needs of our great nation. Maclean's has become the most outstanding public affairs magazine in North America.

(NAME) S. PRITCHARD, TORONTO

## Viva la playgirl

Regarding your so-called May cover — how about equal time for the men? SERENA STONE, NORTH BAY, ONT.



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# Your money's no good

Remember the time — before inflation — when that meant somebody else was going to pay?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUNTLEY BROWN

A useful lot of people are angry, bitter and frustrated these days, but none more so than the guy who stumbled into the Maclean's office recently bearing four jar lids and a sour expression. It wasn't he, a peanut butter jar lid, what house was it to John A. Macdonald or capitalism or to Black and Newton (peanut butter is so this great). Surely harmless enough. That it was that he came to buy peanut butter in the large economy size and thus the four jar lids. All once capped three-pound jars of peanut butter purchased at the same time over a 10-month period. The first jar lid had a price stamp of 35 cents on it, which our caller was willing to admit was quite a bargain, but the next three read, in order: \$1.29, \$1.79, and \$1.69. Same stuff, same store, 10 months apart.

That's inflation. It has other, more violent effects, of course. House prices in the Toronto area were recently rising at a rate of four dollars an hour, which used to be a pretty fair wage, and that means a lot of people, over those making a pretty fair wage, can never afford to own their own homes. Land prices are rising too and so is gold, and oil, and soybeans, and wheat and TV sets and almost everything we live in, drive, eat, wear, turn on or put inside for our future comfort.

We have reached a point where most Canadians are dreadfully fearful about future prospects. We see nothing ahead but higher prices, caused by rising incomes which, we know, will never keep up with the prices, and which are never extended to the poor, the old, the weak, the unemployed and which only add, in the long run, to inflationary pressures.

These pressures are not only increasing the rate of their increase in itself, causing a decade ago general price in Canada were rising by 2% a year, that means costs would double — or the worth of a dollar drop by half — which, even you prefer — once every 35 years. In 1973 prices rose by 7.6% an implied doubling time of 9% a year, and in the 12 months ended March 1974, the rate hit 10.4% — a doubling time of just over seven years. We have already reached the stage where most of us expect prices to keep right on rising so we react by demanding higher wages, hoarding scarce goods, going into debt to buy durable goods on the theory that they will soon cost even more, and these natural reactions simply feed the inflationary

fire. Unless we do something to reverse the trend, the next step, so the economists (whose ending has always been known as "the dismal science") tell us, might well be "hyperinflation," where prices run amok.

Attempts to stem the process have not been totally successful. When Ottawa linked the economy sharply in 1969, unemployment levels soared but prices did not come down. Perhaps the new government will have better luck, certainly its first priority should be to bring some reassurance to a highly nervous Canadian nation and to turn the issue where most of us confront it is our homes, at the supermarket and yes, on the lids of peanut butter jars. The politicians stand by the four parties during the recent election curiously added to the fear of inflation, whether they added to solution or not.

Because so much has already been written on the subject, and so much of it is facile, this special section of Maclean's does not attempt to remedy inflation in a few thousand words, instead it explores ways in which Canadians can begin to cope with the one-sided economy around us.

First, there is an article by Walter Stewart, an associate editor of Maclean's which takes us behind the scenes in a Canadian supermarket and shows us how we are being misled and there and how we can protect ourselves. The article is adapted from Stewart's book, *How To Save Money*, being published this fall by Macmillan of Canada. Next, six prominent Canadian economists set down in a few brief paragraphs how they would meet or beat the current crisis. Then there is a series of suggestions, gathered by assistant editor Elaine De-



anne, money-managers in the country, saving funds how the great bulk of middle-income Canadians can protect what they have, or even add to it, despite the economic climate. Finally Robert Thomas Allen looks with the bewilderment that none of us share but none of us articulates so well in the prospect of money as an endangered species.

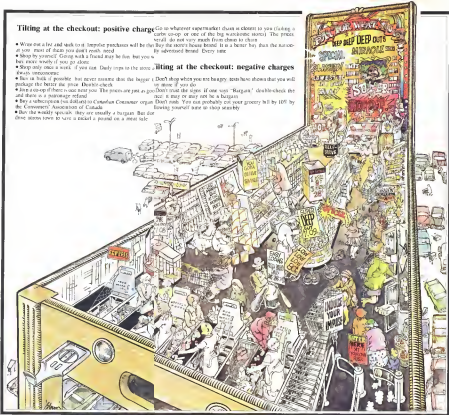
None of these articles is going to make the bags of inflation roll over and play dead, but that the politicians and economists haven't brought off that trick either taken together, however, these articles should make it a little easier for most homebodies to survive. ☺

BY WALTER STEWART

The researchers bought 200 items at A&P, and they were able to find 182 exactly comparable items in Chain A. 171 of these carried exactly the same price tag as A&P. Chain B had 158 similar items and 151 bore the same price tag. Chain C had 199 identical items and 168 identical prices, and Chain D had 193 identical items and 156 identical prices. Even where prices differed, some were slightly / continued on page 6

• But the really special, they are usually a bargain. But don't let these items turn to save a pack of a pound on a meat sale.

• But the really special, they are usually a bargain. But don't let these items turn to save a pack of a pound on a meat sale.





# Once upon a dime

*Frag? Wasn't that some kind of dance?*

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Every time some economist makes one of those incomprehensible statements about cost-plus dollars overinflating synthetic fixed reserves, I wonder if he realizes that the real money in our pants and purses is in danger of becoming as obsolete as videotape. Already I has lost a lot of its historic function as a precise gauge of value and a commodity that's hard to control. Devaluations are proving dim. Anything up to a buck is tossed around like something in a crap game.

"How much are these?" I asked a girl clerk the other day, holding up a package of a dozen peaches. She took them and called to a youth leaning on the counter. "How much are these?" "Twenty-five cents each," the kid said. "Twenty-five cents?" I yelled. The girl, who was just about to ring up the sale, said "It's check it for you," wailed away, came back and said "They're 15 cents each." I snatched \$1.20 by just waiting for her to walk to the rear of the store and back. On the way home, I heard a filled youngster on the subway ask a friend of about eight how much money he had used up. I braced for the little tyro's answer, picturing piggy banks and wondering how much he'd say. A dollar? Surfers? Eighty-nine cents? "Seventy-nine dollars," the boy said. "Is that all?" the other said, tossing a new baseball in the air, unperturbed by an amount of money that my Pop paid for a season's supply of inhalers that reached to the outer beams and deafened the sound of clinking pickle jars. But at least these kids had spared the idea of coming money. Ofers, now, people don't bodas. A while ago a garage service adviser, noticing that I looked as if I'd stubbed me when he told me a tire-up would cost about \$185, took a moment to explain it. "Well, look at it this way: when a piston costs two dollars each there's \$32," he said, and walked away, dropping the other \$53 as if he'd forgotten it out of a hole in his pocket. Prices are raised without explanation, apology or apparent guilt feelings. Every time the price goes up half a buck at my neighborhood theatre, the cashier jots points to the card in her window and motions for me not to block the leaving over such a detail, looking to some cheerful laughing young guy behind the who is apparently ready to pay anything.

In supermarkets, dates and quarters get no more attention than loose grapes. I heard a woman in Larkspur, who, a moment before, had been staring at some peaches from the Niagara Peninsula, 40 miles away, which were selling at the height of the Canadian growing season for 99¢ more than bananas from the Yucatan Peninsula, 2,500 miles away, ask a check-out girl how many loaves were in a 79-cent package. "Oh, just one," the girl said, ringing up the right price far faster but, in fact, as she lower, charging the woman 79 cents for one bigger and telling her to have a nice day. Even the right prices are just so when it's Alberta WO 5 Hair

Spray sold in one store for \$2.95, but it was on sale according to a sign, if you had a coupon, for \$1.59, and marked at \$1.65, and when a confused looking waitress printed it out, the salesgirl said "That's the model price," as if she had explained something but according to me, like the kids when they talk to say, "You forgot to say 'May I?'" One pleasant girl in a department store snatched it up early when a little woman, whom I felt I'd just seen driving an electric car, said that the exact same curling iron that they were selling for \$16.95, sold at another store for \$12.95, adding, with guffin vapors "I thought you wouldn't be accessible." The girl thought a moment then said, "That was a long time ago," clearly meaning that comparing prices was something people did back in the days when department stores had a harness department.

You can't blame the girl. A whole new generation has grown up thinking money is a kind of vague stuff that flows automatically across a space between something that's lost and their desire to have it, and then feel the making a fuss over the price is almost as bad as being hung up on it. The other day, when a plump girl of about 10 asked her mother to buy two Sweet Marie bars and her mother said "The just spent \$40 on groceries," the kid made a little twirling motion of her finger above her head. Her mother took a swing at her, missing by a foot and caught me, looking at me. I asked her what she had meant. "She meant, 'Whooper' or 'Big doll'?" the woman said. "I slap her every time she does it." Another time I heard a miffed looking father say he'd been trying to teach his kids manners and that every time he found a toy lying on the living-room floor, he took it away. The kids were down to last toy, a game called Legos, and hadn't even mentioned it. They just sat there looking through Sesame-Street catalogue.

I'm not talking about a dollar today being worth only 95 cents which, in general, doesn't mean very much if we all have three dollars for every one we used to have. I'm talking about neither a dollar nor 35 cents having the same meaning they used to have. No one before middle age has any way of knowing what a fundamental change has taken place within the past 25 years in attitudes about money. It used to be something vital, real, and closely related to life, like blood. There was no such thing as an insignificant amount. To say, "It's only a little bit of money" would have been like a surgeon saying, "It's only a little bit of your arm." Money was money. Knives, dimes and even pennies were hoarded in various devices that were cleverly designed in shapes like birdhouses and iron stoves to fool you if you charged your maid. You couldn't pay them open with a gold chain. One shiny nickel-plated hand, about the size of a package of Kodaks, had little holes down the side so you could see how much you were worth at any given time, and it was rigged so you couldn't get into it until the dimes reached the top, when you got a screw driver and screwed down a knob and forced the bottom out of the cylinder, and two dollars' worth of dimes spilled out on the cuff like beach like porridge, bright, slippery and warm from the heat of your hand — nearly half the amount you had decided to save for a New Year's Eve dance, when you planned to hang on. You walked home from work to save some cost carfare, and the combination of oxygen and virtue afforded you like an beer's mechanism and you'd arrive home taking steps about six feet long, inhaling the fragrance of tripe and onions.

Some months you kept a notebook in which you marked every cent you spent, itemly, to find out where your \$11 a week pay was going, and you dreamed dreams, like saving 10 cents on everything you bought, knowing if you did this for a year it would / continued on page 41



# Bette Stephenson has her say

*And 26,000 doctors listen. After all, she's just what they ordered*

BY JOHN GAULT

Things are not always what they seem. Sometimes — often — we see them superficially. We fail to see the deep, unexpressed notions and the usual "male" ways our perceptions. It's natural. It's justified. For so to insure that anybody who becomes president of the Canadian Medical Association, for example — much less the first woman president in its 127-year history — would be establishment in the narrow. Doctors, after all, have never been big on bucking the system. So it will come as a surprise to a lot of people when they learn that Dr. Bette Stephenson, the new president of the CMA, once captained at academies which were in contravention of the law. That it was a stupid and otherwise law will give her heart some status in many, it has at least to be said today. The way she deals with that law will also remove from her the appearance of being establishment, which the staff, wasn't and never wanted to be.

In June of 1979 the CMA held its annual meeting in Winnipeg. This was a time when the women's liberation movement was at its rhetorical height and when women's demand was the most far-reaching single issue among feminists in that country. The CMA representing some 25,000 of Canada's then 30,000 or so doctors, was an obvious appropriate villain and it was only natural that a pro-abortion contingent would wear the halls demanding justice. About 25 women disrupted at opening day luncheon, causing both indignation and indignation among the medical establishment. Acting quickly to head off a serious epidemic, the association gave the women as audience that day with the board of directors.

The session opened with general remarks for the predominantly male professors which gradually focused on the one female officer on the 20-member board, Bette Stephenson. They called her naïve and selfish and some abusive things she refused to hear. How could she, a fellow woman stand with the oppressors against her own sex? What did she really believe, you know, as an individual? She told them that she had views on the subject, as a woman and as a physician and as a mother of a son, but that her views were in keeping with the policy of the Canadian Medical Association. That wasn't entirely true, because at that time — and until a year later — the official view of the CMA on abortion was not fully congruent with Dr. Stephenson's.

Privately the association was preparing a position that would surely all but the most extreme pro-abortionists but there was no way the Winnipeg session force could have known that. A year later, at the CMA's annual meeting in Halifax with Dr. Stephenson doing a fair amount of the preliminary work on and offstage that position became policy. What Canada's medical establishment recommended was that abortion be a matter between a woman, her doctor and the abortion service gynecologist who would perform it. The federal government, probably because it fears a Catholic backlash, has chosen to ignore that recommendation. Nonetheless it stands. But so does the Criminal Code provision which says a

woman can have an abortion only if the police receive a letter from a five-member hospital committee, and that the operation is justified only on narrow medical grounds. What's more, the law allows hospitals to begin setting up a committee at all should they so desire — and that means women in predominantly Catholic areas — notably in Quebec or those served by Catholic hospitals — often end up with a good chance of getting abortions on acceptable surroundings. But things were even worse before 1966 when the CMA successfully urged the federal government to go at least that far. Before then almost every abortion was an often-seen, kitchen-table or self-managing affair.

Except in Toronto, where a program that was not entirely legal was carried on for years by the unique and progressive staff at Women's College Hospital. In 1934 Dr. Bette Stephenson became chief of general practice there and she became involved with the provision of abortions.

Long before Bette Stephenson got that job in fact long before she'd received her M.D. at the age of 21 in 1946, Women's College Hospital was defying the law on behalf of housewives. Not only was it running a birth control clinic — which was still strictly legal — but it was also providing abortions not on demand, of course, but on for pregnant patients there at any other hospital. There was no real problem from 1933 through 1955 while Dr. Mauna Kerr and the legendary Dr. Mauna Willard were, in turn, chief of obstetrics and gynecology. They took the responsibility that in 1955, because of the possibility of religious conflict on the part of very Roman Catholic accession to Dr. Willard, the hospital's medical advisory committee decided to set up a committee that would rule on applications for abortions. Bette Stephenson was on that committee and therefore she concurred — an legal term — abortion. And you also knew she was breaking the law.

Most of the abortions were for purely medical reasons, to prevent the death of the mother or the birth of an abnormal fetus. But some were done on grounds that, today the least, were considered a bit suspect at the time.

So Dr. Stephenson, you did abortions on psychological grounds (initially she never performed one herself, but counseling was an equivalent effort). That takes in a very large area.

"We called them psychiatric reasons, dear heart — and yes, it does take in a very large area."

So you were doing — or, anyway, counseling — illegal abortions?

"Here. If anybody had wanted to charge us they could have. But nobody did."

Why the hell would you take that kind of charge, especially in those days when a conviction would have meant the end of a career you loved and cherished?

"How could we avoid looking at the border between what we knew what the borders of our own abortion were, what we were all women? I accept the fact contained on page 47



# MAINSTREAMS

To write about rivers you have to think like one

BY HUGH MACLENNAN

I first began writing about rivers in 1958, and that is not much longer ago than it seems if you merely count the number of years between then and now. This little book has been an enjoyable holiday after the extensive trauma of the longest novel I ever wrote. As Conrad used to say it is no small or decent to create a world of your own and that is what any notable novel is. It may not be great, it may not even be good, but it would be in order and after it is complete it is yours no longer and you are more than paid. You are happy.

Incidentally after I finished *The Watch That Ends The*

Night, the river took me out of the small summer world of myself and my characters into an enormous landscape I thought at the time was eternal. Of course it is not eternal. Nor is that country, is even the planet we inhabit.

Back in 1958 I had no idea that the work was going to come in the very next year. I mean the crack in the collective human psyche — universal, apparently, terrible, possibly wonderful. It produced the vast wilderness of the Fifties and caused the rivers of America, through, around and outside to flow in strange and violent directions. Nobody now living can com-

prehend within their emotions what caused this upheaval or what a portent or why it happened. But it happened, it surely did.

The world of today is so different from the one we knew before 1960 that we have almost forgotten what that earlier time was like. The young people are unable even to imagine what it was like. As far as a Canadian of 1945 he could hardly recognize the Canada of today. In these intervening years we lost more than our old sense of the value of money — a very dangerous loss for the reason that money, as Somerset Maugham shrewdly noted, is a sixth sense which conditions the fantasies of the other five. We also lost the reality of our immediate human past and the older generation suddenly found itself confronting the rage of the young.

In those years I initially wrote in the breath of students in the cross harassed superiority of the land and I could not have imagined their anger if I had tried. Which I didn't. For they were rejecting, rather with fury or with despair, nearly all the values and many of the methods that had produced the stupendous power of humanity in the mid-30th century. They were rejecting that very Romanticism that had all but destroyed the churches, while in the universities Reason had been soundered as though it were divine.

To be a novelist in those years was to be in extraordinary perilousness with apparent chaos. By the time the decade ended, I knew I must pause for a new perspective and push aside for a time the new novel on which I was working. If the battles were forgotten within the years of the postwar movement by one of them that they were more popular than Jesus Christ, how could any novelist find any perspective within the kaleidoscope of the future? I found myself longing for something older and more permanent than human beings, something not air-conditioned, not plastic, not high-rise, not bulldozed, not air-booked, not blurred by television, not made propitious by the claims of politicians, advertisers and propagandists. I wanted to return to the rivers and glaciers don't laugh at this. I wanted to try to think like a river even though a river doesn't think. Because every river on this earth, some of them against incredible obstacles, eternally finds its way through the labyrinth to the universal sea.

Rivers are living things: they make art. Each has its individual history in terms of its geology, geography and its climate, size of the fish, birds and animals (including man) that have been associated with it. In its own way, whether it be large or small, every river on this earth is a geological agent —

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DE VESER







# Pinsent's progress

From *Queen Margaret* to *The Roadman* to *Only God Knows*

BY JOHN HOFSESS

Quite frankly, we're both swimmingly drunk.

"If I have another drink I'm gonna break some of these dishes," he threatens mischievously, revving his role memorably of *Walt Cole* in *The Roadman*. Then he laughs. People stare. Folks society trying to look invidious.

A waiter hovers nervously around the table, fidgeting about, his face a mixture of barely concealed panic and servile grin. I don't care if you see what's his name.

The fact that we have been doing now for six hours in the Three Stars Room, not even in Toronto and the bill has risen steadily through the troposphere, the atmosphere, the stratosphere and is now floating in outer space is no consolation to the bird waiter who apparently prefers decorum to a handsome tip. His repeated, repurring glance is a lecture on the merits of sobriety. What he doesn't know is that we aren't just common variety drinkers. We're not feeling anything. We're not drinking to make one another seem wing. We began, however, as strangers. Gordon Pinsent is probably the best-known and one of the best-paid film and television actors in Canada. There's plenty of professional things we could talk about: his three-year session on CBC in *Queen Margaret*, M.P. his award-winning role in *The Roadman*, his performance as a Kenyan-like President of the U.S. in *The Factor*, *Paper*, his part in a major new movie *Only God Knows* to be released this fall, his novel *The Roadman* (with a first-quarter Canadian sale of 50,000 copies, break for a work of fiction) and his forthcoming novel *The Men*, also set in Newfoundland and being made into a film, along with other works-in-progress and scripts-to-be-films. We could talk at arm's length for hours. Lately, but superficially, I should be shocked, but I'm not.

Having shared one bottle of wine, another of champagne and then gone out separate routes, he with two Domestiques and me with 18 sommeliers, we walk five minutes, but we're so valuable we're almost friends. I'd be the first to say it's strange we have to drink to much in order to communicate. But the work of a city-battered, news-splattered human personality is as hard to let down.

That's why, at a point in the evening when, normally, things should be winding down and I would be checking him for telling me so many amazing anecdotes I'm inclined to think that to go away from such a meeting as this completely untouched and unimpaired is a waste of our investment. I tell him so. That's another silence. We're at the crossroads. The point where communications have. He'll beg off, back off, or say: "My face and breathing pattern reflect a considerable struggle. Then he reaches across the table and claps my arm.

"Go ahead. Ask what you like. But let's get another round to wash all this down."

There is no wash in a way of it, on his side or mine. Both of us, I notice, have cold, chafed throats. Nevertheless we set out. This is what he told me.

"An actor is an empty person. In the past five years, say,

I've turned down a couple of hundred thousand dollars worth of work in television commercials. I won't do them. It would keep me being just an actor. For one thing. And I wanted to break out for the sake of survival."

"It explains that I've had two good friends, both of them actors, die in recent years. Wally Cox."

His features and voice soften when he says this name. "He was really a beautiful person. Never had a chance to show what he could do, always typcast. The police and his death was an accident. But don't change it was. They should know. But I was his friend. And I know he was very unhappy."

"The other was Steve Buscemi from *Harrison*, who came down to Hollywood and came regularly got television work. He made a feature film for about 25,000 and took it to Cannes, it was his big hope for a big break. A few days before he died he phoned his wife and told her, 'They hate the film. They hate me. I don't belong here.' Obviously, he had a heart attack, then slipped in the shower, and it killed him. But I don't think people die as young, and in such nearly instantaneous when they have something to live for. I just know that living is a hard deal, and it's even harder when you break away from the herd and start doing something new and unknown."

"I've had a wicked script for many years. I break things like telephone." He grimaces and adds quickly, "I need to."

"If I had grown up in the States, I mean, if I had been an adolescent during that time, I know I would have read every drug going. I wouldn't have gone all the way, stand you, into delirium, or death, that's something that steps me right at the edge of the eleven-hour. Some saving grace. My life has been a battle between them and order."

"Writing helps me a lot. Writers think more than actors. They delve into themselves, ask more questions. Even the basic construction of sentences forces one to clarify one's thoughts. It's writing that intervenes on the most basic days. There is such a contrast between writing alone, as a typewriter, mulling over one's thoughts and being on a set in the midst of a large cast and crew, with equipment of all kinds thrown about and everyone as a bubble."

"Many people — or so it seems — fall into life's niches easily, and accept situations, and perpetuate in traditions with mutual skepticism and need. Adults like me, have to hammer out choice by choice their individual contact with society and the world they live in. I left Newfoundland when I was 18, went to work on a farm in Nova Scotia. I had to leave. I have two brothers, three sisters, all of whom stayed, not in Grand Falls but in Newfoundland. They never left what I did. I had the hunger, anger, cruelty, passion. I was in danger of exploding if I didn't leave."

"In some ways I didn't grow up in Grand Falls, I grew up in Hollywood. Ever since I can remember I went to movies, as often as I could. And so I began to dream of going to that other 'home' of my imagination."

"Though I left my family and

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# The theatrics of Roller Derby

*A fan's notes on the suspension of disbelief*

BY PETER GODDARD

The women had no sooner crossed her pillow horses into the arena in Ottawa's Civic Centre when she started eating big blue bags of potato chips, a barrel at a time, a bag a minute, her dental check and neck muscles jolting with the action. Yet it wasn't the gluttony or even her preflowing belly that drew your eyes to her but what she did with the potato chip bags after they were emptied. There, along the edge of her seat, in two neat rows, the empty bags melted each crumb into a small folded ball the size of a pin, with little head-tipped women and edges protruding like ears ready for 15 minutes all the time sliding down from her seat at the banked oval Moscovitz track on which the Canadian All Stars, Canada's only entry in the International Skating Conference—the Roller Derby—would soon be skating.

Suddenly later, as Denise Spiverson, the 34-year-old blond star of the Canadian All Stars, lay crumpled on this banked track, one of those little balls in her hands came springing out of the stands to slam into the face of the girl cheerfully looking her stomach. It stopped the girl for only the briefest of moments, but if you had watched closely you would have seen her eyes register total surprise as a little red wheel suddenly appeared on her forehead. Minutes later, both the girl and Denise had forgotten the looking and were crashing into each other at 25 mph on the opposite side of the track. Like most things in Roller Derby the kids offered as much the illusion of violence as the real thing.

But neither had forgotten the potato chip aisle. When the women and the rest of the 8,000 fans left for home ten hours later, convinced they had done their bit to ensure the triumph of right over wrong—and right always triumphs in Roller Derby—Denise and her former partners left the arena glowing at each other to let us say, "What kind of creature was that?" But then they shrugged, and rushed off to catch their waiting bus.

Roller Derby arrived in Canada with TV in the 1950s. It was banned in active border or U.S. stations and it seemed as less appropriate to the era than wrestling or Liberace. It was born in the Depression, as pinball games, music-hall shows and roller rinks. But it was the rock 'n' roll of sports, a TV game a thing of the 1950s, however in style, moral or outlook, seldom by nature. Roller Derby's rules have come under constant scrutiny and criticism ever since, but its essential form has remained constant. There are two opposing teams, each with a man's and woman's squad of five players. A match is divided into eight periods, with the man's and woman's teams each playing four alternating periods. Each team has two players who can be designated as "jammers" or scorers, a cop and two blockers. To score, each jammer must fight—usually by juggle—his or her way through the crisscross pack, then go out and slap the pack and pin as many of the men players as possible, scoring a point for each player pinned.

The game's first two problems. They have only 60 seconds to clear the track, catch up to the pack and attempt to

score, and they must first against the blockers of the opposing team who are loath to let them pass. So loath, in fact, that they will sometimes punch kick, knee or hip-block the entering jammer. And if those tactics don't work, they will resort to more emphatic moves such as sitting on a fallen skater's hand, or perhaps, throwing them, over the railing that rings the track and out into the arms of the delighted spectators. If it is one of the home team's players who has landed in the stands all well he relatively well. If, however, it is one of the enemy, he or she can expect criticism for longer than that on the track. In one game, a woman threw her belly in one of the women skaters' and in all games, players must be prepared for someone to be ready to seek revenge for something the player has done and forgotten hours, days or even months before.

It is simply a game of Good and Evil. A game, not a sport. I grew up with sports always the opposite. I couldn't skate now or then and I was too lousy hockey, football and basketball were smothered in their awkward references. But that didn't matter. I became more of a sports fanatic, more critical of a losing game, more aggressively impatient with a victory than any of my friends who actually participated. Unhappily, I joined by the need to know a proliferating network of rules at any cost, but I observed codes of fair play. I could go directly to the soul of each game, the essential struggle between those who should—not could—win, and those who should not. And still, I had enough coaching, toughness, intelligence of rules and nothing to do with it. There were only losers who should win, usually the West or football, say the expansion teams in the NHL, or any baseball or basketball team whose team didn't do after-shave commercials—and those that didn't deserve to win, but had grown a usually stink and fit with the easy money and acceptance. A number of these merchants had come casually until that night in Ottawa, I had just felt something was wrong, as if all the sports I had once loved had become more a matter of lawyers' rulings' meanness and contractual negotiations than a play of essential forces into which I was drawn.

Roller Derby was my epiphany. Here was a game with rules as transparently simple as truth, yet right through them and into the heart of what was happening. And I wasn't alone. There was no doubt among the Ottawa crowd about exactly who were the good guys and who were the bad. The Canadian All Stars out of Montreal rushed onto the track like golden Vikings, then white warriors hardened with red, flaring as they revved—in pairs, each All Star in force a mark of excitement and courage and well righteousness. The drama had begun, medieval in its purity, the forces of virtue had been introduced. And the audience.

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Clearly they're anxious about their work (the strength of good over evil is their priority), but they love Canadian All Stars (from left) Frankie Corbin, "Shiny Menus" Miller and Denise Spiverson as much as a fight and happy landing.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL LEVY





# Shoulder to shoulder in Lumsden

Picking up against 14,000 cubic feet of floodwater per second

BY WAYNE ROBERTS

For a short and tedious week last spring, inflation considered some flood maps, and it was a long time before the town of Lumsden. The story seemed out of place in this cynical age, for it was an account of simple heroism the likes of which have been matched only in Walt Disney movies and the little Dutch boy whose finger saved Holland. It was classically staged: a small town against the elements. There was a formidable foe in the murky floodwaters of the Qu'Appelle River; there was the seemingly hopeless situation, in that the experts had determined the town would surely be washed away; and in the end there was the triumph of man over nature. The 968 citizens of Lumsden met a force that had already implied the greater victory of Moses down to the southwest, and they found victory where others had met defeat.

Working around the clock, the people built dikes from night to 30 feet in height over some 30 miles. As the dikes grew higher and stronger, the town grew closer. And as the river became more perilous, the people became more determined. It was a feeling not unlike a burn mauling, and it was sharpening as much as the actual flooding that became necessary. Somewhere out in a small prairie some few Christians had ever heard of before, people were pulling together in a way that was supposed to have long since vanished. The country's emergency was captured by Lumsden's tale of still rural backbones, neighborly help and self-denial. Dry cities elsewhere were anxious. The Lumsden Herald opened its doors and closed its registers to take in volunteer workers from surrounding farms and communities; men were set up in the basement and floor space for sleeping bags was arranged in stairwells and unused service rooms. Meals were supplied free at all hours by the hotel and in the town's new Centennial Hall. The women of Lumsden maintained a 24-hour canteen in the basement of St. Andrew's United Church, and when the going got really tough they set up coffee brigades to patrol the dikes, serving the men too busy to make it to the canteen, too worried to sleep. Fresh provisions arrived daily throughout the crisis from the surrounding communities, and buses came the 17 miles from Regina, bringing more than 200 high-school students who had volunteered as a remedy for the war.

Though the battle was over for only the last week, it was a fight that had been building up for several months. Late last summer, the men of Lumsden had decided to start rebuilding the flood dikes on each side of the Qu'Appelle River. Never before had the rebuilding begun so early; it was summer-weather, and it was difficult to win any species of dewatering at a river that was then little more than a creek, rather polluted but dangerous not popular with fish.

The Qu'Appelle in summer seems tailored to fit into the town's. Quiet and well-to-do — property values approach \$2.5 million — Lumsden is built without borders on the river banks and the few small hills on both sides. Most of the residents live on the hills, and of course, are called "Hill" people, while 300 or so dwell on what is called the "Flats" down close

to the river. In the summer they enjoy the waterway as it appears to surge in, curling back and forth, occasionally and suddenly, through the town from west to east.

In spring it's a different story. The men worked early on the dikes because tradition and experience told them that last summer's trouble would soon enough be this spring's torrent. It had happened too many times before, five times in the past 80 years — in 1892, 1904, 1948, 1966 and again this year — the waters in April were strong enough to place Lumsden in grave danger, and each year townspeople have done the impossible to keep their town from dissolving in the spring runoff. They do it because they don't wish to desert a community that all longings say should be washed from the face of the Prairie this spring. And they do it because in summer the river is friendly and nice to have nearby.

That the men began working two full seasons ahead probably saved Lumsden. Throughout the winter old-timers grabbed handfuls of snow with wooden mats, did how quickly the moisture ran through and licked their hands, and said this year the snow was "heavy." Experts from Saskatchewan's Emergency Measures Organization later confirmed this, saying that the past winter's snow, for whatever reason, had an unusually high water content. By early March special meetings were being held and work crews were being set up. In March it was facts, not statistics, but the message was the same: prepare for floods equal to the 1969 level, the last really bad year. The year Lumsden almost lost.

Sure enough, in April, in mid-May, and in other years, the water lock burst. The winds grew more gentle and started to blow from the south; the great emerald of prairie snow began to melt. The damage began to surface when the melt from a rainfall major capitulation slipped into Lake Wapiti, 40 miles to the northwest of Lumsden. The water flowed southward through the Qu'Appelle Dam, entered Buffalo Pound Lake, will receding, sucking thousands of gallons upon millions of gallons, and emerged full force. After being picked up along the way as the Qu'Appelle moved down the valley, the Moose Jaw River and its big creeks, the Thunder and Spring, and just west of Lumsden, Wapiti Creek.

On Saturday April 20, the people from Lumsden Flats were given notices to evacuate. The engineers said the dikes couldn't hold the water that was bound to come, regardless of how well they were built or how much they might be padded by the time the headwaters hit. Rumor already had it that Moose Jaw flood damage had reached three million dollars (eventually it would be estimated at nine million). And if that was that bad news of us, they said, it's going to be this turning a house on a fly when a gati here. The Saskatchewan Department of Highways was ordered into Lumsden and the town was under full mobilization.

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Wayne Roberts, who works for the Saskatchewan highway department, was among those who fought the Lumsden flood.

# The Skipper

Long may his big job draw  
BY DONALD CAMERON

Leonard Poutas had the office tucked up under his right arm, so he pointed with his left hand.

"See them, Cameron? That's what they call 'backstays on the dows'!"

We were talking my boat Hirondele on one of those black bright days you get at Nova Scotia in late in the summer, a picturesque day of gray winds and misty patches of sunlight. In the distance the low mountains of Cape Breton looked better. To the west, over Lunenburg and Boreal Island, great shafts of sunlight streamed to the ground through smoky, broken clouds.

"Backstays on the dows?"

"That's right," Leonard nodded. "The old people say it's a sign of wind."

"The old people I checked. Leonard was 83; who I wondered, would 'the old people' be?"

"Your vessel was a lot bigger than this one, Leonard?"

"Oh yes," Leonard agreed. "I never sailed a vessel this small before. She's a good little vessel, though."

For me, Hirondele's 35 feet represent a good chunk of sailboat. But Leonard Poutas is accustomed to his father's ship, *Thomas*, 146 registered tons, and to his own lumber-carrying schooner *Maple Leaf*, 59 tons.

I knew of the great days of sail, of course, the days when the wind carried wooden ships all over the world from the little coves and harbors of Nova Scotia. *Pen-sioners* and men of war, clipper ships and private galleys, before Confederation, Nova Scotia's seafaring and shipbuilding made the little colony one of the busiest trading centers on earth and one of the richest per capita of Canada's founding provinces. A century ago, villages like Annapolis and Digby could boast more than 150 sailing ships each, some of them schooners like Hirondele of Lunenburg, where Hirondele you can see on any day. Leonard's schooners were like that.

Reading Kipling and Norman Danes and Thomas Kipling when I was young, I slowly realized that this seagoing wonderland of Nova Scotia was actually part of my own vast country. I hoped to live someday in a town little village on the east coast, where the old mans would tower over the empty stunted old-fashioned houses clustered around the harbor. A village where people fished and farmed and cut wood, a place where men and women had skilled hands and really knew their neighbors. D'Escarra is more complex than that. I had not imagined my village would be infested with mobile homes, nor that it might be French. And I would not have dared to hope that by 1973 my village would still boast a skipper from the days of sail.

I knew my village would have a safe harbor, where one might moor a little schooner if one were still to be found. When I found Hirondele in the spring, beached up on a beach at Lunenburg, she was not yet a schooner, just a beautiful hull with an empty cabin and a primitive main-

and-back engine. So I spent most of my summer at that seagoing corner, canvas masts, beading barrels and tables, smutty toilet, compass, hatchets and handrails. At last, one August day, with a friend who knew even less about sailing than I did, I pointed Hirondele's new bowport out of Lunenburg Bay and headed east, bound for my village in my own little ship.

There are no secrets in D'Escarra, and my boat was well-documented long before we beat into the harbor two weeks later. I don't know whether Leonard was part of the welcoming committee, but I do know he had heard all about the boat and was impatient to see the first wheeler to make her home in D'Escarra since he sold his last wind ship in 1928. There are no secrets in D'Escarra, and so I had heard about "the skipper," as he is known in the village. Excellent, I thought; some day I will be a grizzled old salt, but right now I need a tutor.

Leonard owns *Lustra*, an aging Cape Island style motorboat "with a '68 Chev engine into it," as they say, and when I saw someone pump out *Lustra* at the wharf a day or so after I came home I went up and introduced myself. The skipper proved to be a sharp-eyed old, perhaps five-foot-five, at once friendly and dignified. The hand I shook had the mottled, papery skin of old age, but his blue eyes missed nothing, and he bore himself about like a man half his age. I said *Lustra* seemed a solid, comfortable boat. The skipper gave a Celtic shrug.

"She's pretty old. Twenty years or more."

"She doesn't show it much."

"Oh, she's good for a few seasons yet. But the age is there. Are you going to pump your boat?"

"Yeah, that and give a few things I left aboard."

"Well then I'll go out your way. We'll take my stuff, it's right here, all. No point hauling yours down off the beach."

We moved out in the harbor, where Hirondele danced at her anchor. Leonard cleared her bilge with a few strokes of the pump, commented that she was good and tight, looked over the rigging with a critical eye, and opened that we might take the midnight cruise. Neither of us had time to say that dry, but we talked together all summer, taking our visitors and neighbors, talking of ships and navigation. Gradually I learned how the wind shapes the ripples, how to job safely in a good breeze, watched in admiration as Leonard had Hirondele up against the lee side of the wharf under the jib alone, felt the schooner lay down. *Lustra* passed under just the forecast, making Lloyd's forecast spinnaker up the engine of her big Cape Islander to keep her out. As the fall grew colder, I realized in delight that Leonard and Hirondele together were restoring the feeling for sail the village once had, a great heritage we came into as sons of leopards.

Leonard lives with his daughter, Susan Murphy, who

runs the post office. He isn't a man to eat three words when one will do, but as we drank tea in the kitchen of the house he bought during the Great War for \$650 — "a good second house, all double parlours downstairs" — he gradually told me something of his life.

At 17 he went to sea with his father, Captain Alfred Poutas. By the time he was 22, his father had retired, and Leonard had become skipper of their ship, the *Thomas*, himself.

In April, when the ice went out, the Acadia crew would go aboard the ship, which had been frozen in the harbor all winter. They'd put the gear aboard, load the sails and "go to the windward," so Leonard or Masquodouche, where they could get a load of lumber for New York. "We'd leave here," says Leonard, "snow on the ground. By the time we got to Cape Cod people would be in short-sleeves, getting their lives." They'd sail past Montauk, use Long Island Sound, unload the lumber and pick up hard coal to bring back.

Wouldn't take too long to come back," Leonard remembers. "Favorable winds, generally, that time of year — you were wind, westerly wind. Quite a bit of fog, though." They sailed by dead reckoning. Knowing their speed and course and their last head-marks, they had a pretty good idea

where they were all the time, even in thick fog.

All summer and fall they would carry lumber, fish and shingles from New Brunswick and the Gaspé to New York, east from Cape Breton to St. Pauls and Bronx. Edward Island, produce from the Island to Halifax. It was a free and interesting life, but a dangerous one. Leonard remembers his uncle driving a schooner on the raft at

Cape La Ronde, five miles from home, in a December blizzard. The ship was lost with its cargo of coal, and the crew scattered themselves likely to scramble ashore in a skiff, through the freezing sea. His uncle never went back to sea.

"I lost the *Thomas* myself," Leonard says ruefully. "Well, she was ripe, she'd leak like a bucket, couldn't carry much and any more. I shouldn't have taken her out that day at all. Anyway, I had loaded shingles in New Brunswick to go to Chatham. Going in

in the evening, got about midnight, by God I got caught." It was a narrow, dredged channel, and they ran aground.

"We ran our anchor out, but the wind came across that night, a gale of wind, and we were hung up there. The next day the wind shifted to the west, and I pulled her off with the anchor, and the boat came off her. Karl floated up on top of the water, she filled full of water, of course. Oh, she was ripe, she was pretty well gone with rot. She was 35 years old then. So that summer I didn't go sailing. I went to New Glasgow."

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN DE VRIES

nghat at this, a night confining their heroines had returned from Sudbury, Winnipeg, Tulsa, Riverside, Los Angeles, Detroit and Montreal, and the laughter from a barely-dry crowd, their voices untimbered.

This wasn't a wrestling crowd. The wrestling world is more insular than this one, wrestling fans know how to accept or not accept and usually accept or not accept on job. Since we were going downing, I asked myself: the old man in old faded flannel hockey team jacket, the women with their hair in rollers — all that lovely down-home tackiness you see in a bar, a saloon, a dance hall, but we weren't there to be merely entertained. This game, we knew, would be a challenge. We must win, no matter how.

Everyone seemed to see the opposing team, the Woman Renegades out of Chicago, hunched in a huddle, the Renegades looked the track, their dark uniforms, sitting even deeper shadows over what was to come. We knew that there was much trading between Reller Derby teams. A Renegade had pay tonight might be in All Star good pay next week.

These four heads together, plotting some treachery, were the enemy's captain. She was dark haired, thin and very smiling (but Diane was as far as day, all, and mostly smiling). He was short, stocky, beer-bellied, with an old towel twisted round his waist in his hands. Ah, that twisted towel! It was the absolute essence of the enemy's wiles and deception, if of him. Myner old All Star player-coach called "The Bear" Rapper would send that towel across the thought of thoughts, he could get hold of it and use it, well, well.

The game had begun immediately, we knew things were wrong. The dark eyes of the captain gazed all around her as each throw of the ball. When, they had unleashed two jammers. Each jammer must wear a tiny plastic helmet on his or her head in order to score; these had weaving these helmet covers by jammer and, hence, most stay back in the pack. So, two Renegade jammers seemed double the possible points to be scored. Out of the pack that Gwaz "Skinny Mussy" Miller, the first-looking black 55-pounder of horns and legs from Los Angeles now with All Star "Go go, go, go, go, go, go, go" came the cheer from the stands as Skinny Mussy caught up with two Renegade jammers. That's! It was a sound you could hear bend outside the arena. The two enemy jammers quickly had let Skinny Mussy know he was in front before they had allowed them again, again and again, until the was out of control and rushing into the ruling corner the track. The All Stars seemed helpless as the two girls sailed their way through the entire pack, their

arms shooting above their heads in victory their smiles, defying the crowd. Two girls each passed five opponents, for 10 total points.

But now they had to pay the price for what they had done to poor Skinny Mussy! Myler's will nothing on the track. Diane Sylvester's face was crimson with fury. Seeing this, one of the enemy jammers tried to charge. Too late. Diane caught up with her, threw a perfect right, and bounced her off the Maynor. And out of the stands popped one of those potato chip mounds, catching the poor Renegade on her head. As Diane was kicking the fallen girl, bouncing off her body as if off a impenetrable marble. Renegade hit Diane from behind with her jammers helmet. Clank! Down Diane went looking, flailing, her eyes pinched shut



in pain. Clank! Clank! Both women's trunks converged on each other, pushing the helpless referee out of the way, showing each other yelling sounds. There's no team barely noticed. The game was only a moment old.

"Diane!" a yelling girl screamed, her face in tears as she ran to the side of the track. No one heard her. The leader of the Renegade's men's squad had finally done what we all had feared. His towel was around Paul Rogers's neck. He was dragging him backward toward the ruling. Rogers was helpless. He was really choking. His hands were clanking at the towel. As other male All Stars went trying to pull the mauler away from him. We were losing. And not just the game but worse: no more money, the lights.

Norman Olson was looking at the arena's clock. He had been looking at the clock, in fact, when Paul Rogers appeared to be at the end of his fight with that towel around his neck. Olson

sighed, things were running a little late. At 35, he is the principal owner of the All Stars as well as their manager and chief spokesman. He had had his own potato chip business in Montreal when he was 19, and only discovered the Derby in 1965 when he was sitting one day in a barbershop, loafing through a magazine. It was there in an article on former professional wrestler "Nature Boy" Buddy Rogers, who was about to become the Derby into the New Jersey area. Olson had never been uninterested in creating Rogers' wrestling image; naturally, then, he had to phone him to find out what exactly was going on with Reller Derby. "It's tremendous," Rogers told him, so Olson immediately set his father, now in San Francisco to see the 1965 Derby championships, and finally ended up with exclusive Canadian rights.

"Here's my office," he said rather proudly, pointing to an empty corner in the streets. Derby people are proud of it, exhausted by their gross lives. They live out of boxes, most rooms and trucks carrying their work with them as they go. Each player makes an average of 25 cents a night, 125 cents a week. They often travel several thousand miles a week from city to city, their appearance schedule seemingly devised by lottery, actually depending on what ever in arena has any free time.

London liked about the westernized violence, the once-like appeal of the game and its obvious fantasy. "Who cares what anyone says about Reller Derby?" he said. "People should get their money's worth with Reller Derby. That's what's important. And more and more people are coming. The last time we covered us, we went to cowboy Bobby Hall's Hall in Winnipeg. Bobby Hall? Hell, I'm thinking of offering him a contract."

He pointed to the two TV cameras perched on top of a field rising up the end of the arena. "TV's the key. We're now broadcast on 45 stations in Canada, eight in France, and where we are broadcast we have one of the top and shows. But let me tell you something about history. From the surveys done on our broadcasts — such as the one CHCH-TV did in Hamilton — it was discovered that we had perfect demographics: one third of our audience are women, one third men, and one third children up to 16 years old. The same demographics as Walt Disney, not at all a wrestling audience."

Ironically, though, Olson raised the Derby, which started, accidentally enough in Chicago in 1935, when Leo Scholander, an article dealer, doing that 50% of all Americans had roller skated. Scholander had been active in promoting Depression-era roller like walkathons and endurance dance marathons, and needed some new angle. The solution was obvious: a roller skating marathon

As on August 13, 1935, more than 25,000 people showed up at the Chicago Coliseum to watch the first "Transcontinental Roller Derby."

The idea caught on. Soon similar roller skating marathons were promoted throughout the country, but almost as soon, audiences began to wane. Some of the reasons for the decline were long and spinning the profits with the women. A new angle was needed and it came from the more unlikely source. An old soldier friend of Scholander's, Damon Runyon, noticed how well the crowd reacted whenever some of the skaters tangled severely with each other, and suggested to Scholander he should incorporate the bumping and beating into the game. Scholander agreed.

"And" said Olson. "About 1938, the team game — mostly the kind of game we now have — was started. They used to promote an entire series of games at one arena in New York, every night there'd be a game between the same two teams. Well, the famous story that goes around the day they first learned it, that there were losses every night. So there was more and more TV coverage, and from 1946 to 1952 Reller Derby was on TV almost every night of the week. The outpouring almost killed it. After that, whatever arena there was would be California. But the team game — Leo's son — came along in 1953 and developed our present concept, a game of the week updated over in many TV stations as possible."

As legend Reller Derby's second phase. With Jerry Seltzer, Reller Derby has attracted at least 20 million TV viewers and has created its own atmosphere. There is big Rosie Weiss, the toughest (and highest paid) woman in the league, Monroe Robinson, Segar. Just one of the most agile players in the game, and Charles O'Connell — Charles O' — is highest paid performer. But Scholander's association with Reller Derby soon attracted rivals, notably the National Skating Derby, which is in Los Angeles. In fact, Skating groups are everywhere — in Anaheim, in southeast Asia, in Central America. Although players switched from team to team, from league to league, league rivalry intensified.

Faster the third and most recent phase: stability. One grand league, embracing all the others, playing a regular six month season (formerly seasons ran virtually 12 months a year) with regular league standings (before, no one, least of all the players, knew how many games any team had won). The league is called the International Skating Conference, with each team representing a large area rather than any particular city. There are the Tokyo Bombers, the Latin Lovers, the California Thunderbolts, the Western Renegades (representing the U.S. Midwest), the

Philadelphia Warriors, the Baltimore Washington Caps, the New York Chuck, the New York Hawks, the New York Flours de Lis, and the Ghetto Maniacs. "We're trying to organize things now," Olson said. "Get rid of the real characters. It's becoming a big business, not a franchise, if it were available, we'd like to own about one million dollars."

Olson, I found, liked to talk about facts, so if they might broadcast the Derby's success to anyone who might not think of it as a racket scheme. "It

costs as about \$50,000 in expenses for each five-game week. Sell the arena, concerts are insured at less, and if revenues don't pay off, our players' well paid, though. The average skater will make \$23,000 to \$25,000 a year. A manager — someone who has passed our toughest seasons — makes \$100 a week. Paul Rogers makes about \$25,000 a week, and Diane Sylvester about \$25,000. The highest-paid player, Charles O'Connell, makes around \$75,000. The All Stars are between 75% and 80% Canadian and there are another five or six

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## Beefeater

Common players on other teams in the league."

There are times when the local ties of the contest lap over into the dressing rooms, even onto the benches (which often are shared by the two teams). "Sometimes," says Bruce Symptom, "I have to tell my girls that if they continue fighting they won't get paid. I stress what though, it's hard to ignore someone after they've punched you a couple of times."

On the track side, the silent Roller Derby Skater Broom, who's the most phlegmatic of women, her long blond hair spilling out around her head, attacking, she's the most determined of teenagers, her long-term smoking in fact a decisive growth.

"I am," she said over the phone one night, "determined to stay in skating as long as I can. I started in 1965, when I was in high school in Los Angeles. I was born in Prescott, Ontario, but I grew up in California where there was a lot of in-

terest in the Derby. I was a good athlete and trained hard for the Derby, so the day I graduated from high school I turned professional. By 1970 I was the captain of the Brooklyn Devils and they lost their franchise. I came to Canada."

"I don't feel passed down, though, on the All Stars. I only play one-year contracts. Since fans come to see me, but if I tell they'd adapt someone else. The Derby's good for women. They're completely equal to men. Oh, I make them a sexual overture to it, although most people in the Derby won't talk about this. Some men in the crowd get a look out of watching one girl elbowing another over her head."

The game in Ottawa had ended (the All Stars had come from far behind to win in the last few minutes). Paul (Rupert) and the Ringo captain who had been saying to struggle with a good part of the game were standing calmly beside each

other, waiting for the postgame TV interview.

Rupert, whose glasses and nearly ironed board hair has a fairly masculine air, was born in Honduras, Oct., but, like Bruce Symptom, had discovered the Derby when living in California in the early 1960s. "We're just everyday people," he had told me earlier, "but sometimes the fans don't realize this. In Montreal, two guys jumped on the track and went after a player. That's not good. Now I play about 300 games a year. And when things like that happen a lot, I can get to you."

But now the camera flashed and Rupert turned on the Ringo captain, who said, "I'll show you." Next time we play you we're going to be.

"Latter" the Ringo captain shook, of look, "we're going to murder you." They staggered under the moment the film stopped. End of business. They rushed off to catch the bus. ☐

#### PINHEAD from page 29

Newfoundland as a rebel, nothing has not a sense to not let anyone give them to see their support. My father died when I was 30. My mother died last March. But I go back, once every six months, to see my sisters and brothers, they're all married and have children of kids. And we get along fine. Beautiful. It's the core of my life."

In a new screenplay — as yet unscripted — which Penne regards as his best work to date, a 45-year-old man, George Perwin, decides to make an amateur film in which he tests his life story, so that all the good things he ever hoped would happen to him do happen, do right beside, the right women, money, fame, the works that he has been the admiring thoughts of his big-budget movie movie George is a macho man. A man in power. Trying, but not knowing if he'll ever get the pieces back together again. At one point he says speaking of his father, a ship builder, and of a sure long ago.

"He loved and died making the big game. And he just... place back them. Don't talk about it. Just put 'em together. Like God told him I was gone! to be a builder like him he looked over what I was 18 and that was the end of my play. He was dead two months before I could stop crying, and I haven't stopped crying him yet. ☐"

Shortly after *The Roadman* came out, Penne commented, "I read a critique somewhere that I had become a 'professional Newbie,' and it hurt me so much, even though it was a dumb and wrong thing to say, that I did several jobs there later free of charge, just to prove a point to myself. I don't have a note that I wrote those people, or a place I love."

"I wish that I'm very serious about that. Three years ago, when I and producer Larry Dunn were trying to sell back *The Roadman* script, I went to LA to try to interest people there, and he stayed in Toronto to talk to prospective investors here. I got the deal back. Quite a few of the big distributors liked the script, but they didn't want me as part of the package. One guy told me he thought it would be a great vehicle for Steve McQueen."

"I didn't let. I asked him for seven more days to think it over. The work went by. I didn't hear anything from Larry. I thought I would have to say yes. Steve McQueen makes again. I was sitting around the pool on the final day, feeling back another, when Larry called and said, 'We've got it! Get it! Get it!' I jumped up and started running around the pool."

"I put on a weight belt. I knew to play with I'd have to lose about 15 pounds, but I was trying. So I was running around, and every once in a while saying to tell my coach, I assure I may not have been losing any weight but I was happy. And then out of a sudden I let out a big yell and jumped into the pool, and just before I hit the water I remembered I had the weight belt on. Oh Christ. Sink to the bottom. Could hardly move. Couldn't get it off. It was all I could do, after a terrible struggle, to get to the edge and climb out."

"Looking back, *The Roadman* is a good film, but it should have been a great one. With a little extra care, time, a bigger budget, it could have been it. I wasn't just a man, it was a chunk of my life. That's why I wrote the book, but, as I said, it wasn't complete, the way it should have been."

"Sure, there was a girl who let me know I wasn't good enough for her, and was off to Toronto. Funny thing, she left back again, once, married, with lots of kids. I never owned the death of a friend but I knew a ship who had had he was really spoken by it. Well, who wouldn't be? I spent a lot of time talking to him."

Present her two homes, in Toronto and outside Los Angeles in Sherman Oaks, where he and his wife, Charmian King, and nine-year-old daughter, Lark McKean, live according to the unpredictable opportunities of his career.

I told him that in talking with Claude Jutra a while ago, Claude said he had on the limits of love, there was no passion there, but he had not yet met the woman of his imagination. That was the first of which, well into his forties, he was expanding, with great interest and pleasure.

"Yes, I understand that. Perfectly. It's something to go on. It's a great thing, a very adolescent perspective. You ask yourself, 'what's important in the day now? When you're young and you think there will never run out, it doesn't seem so important to make one's mark.' Later, especially when people you're known and loved begin to die around you, I suppose you either become somewhat mad and hysterical or are impelled to do something, almost anything. In the last three years, I've written two novels, three screenplays, made three films, cut a record and released paintings. It's the most creative period of my life. Sometimes when people near me, they expect some Rabelaisian hell runner, which I was but am no more, yet this great man lives a far more exciting life. ☐"

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## Scandinavia by Sea

A ferrytale  
BY ROBERT L. PERRY

Helger Danske drops in his chair, his powerful warrior's arms folded, his massive head bowed to rest on his chest. His weapons at hand, Helger is a bronze Viking — a cold, cruel warrior. Yet legend has it that, should danger threaten, Helger will awake from his deep sleep of many centuries to unite the armies of Denmark.

When I touch it, the bronze figure of the sleeping Viking vibrates under my fingers. There is no danger, this particular statue is a semi-scale replica of the classic original at Skansen and it depicts the first-class flyer of its nation, the motor ship Helger Danske. It vibrates because the Helger Danske,

outward bound at 15 knots, is hurtling into the chop of the Baltic and restless Karagay.

On deck the cold evening wind carries a breath of adventure, and white-caps toss wildly along the hull. A lulling panorama and a sea break, I most consciously reveal myself that this seagoing ship beneath my feet is nothing more than an indispensable extension of the European highway system. Blatantly put, Helger Danske is a ferry. Whether and wherever it plies between Aarhus, Denmark and Oslo, Norway, making the one-way passage in 16 hours when Oslo and the North weather gods so will it.

All year, a fleet of offshore ferries shuttles across the sea of northern Europe on nearly precise timetables, and one glance at a map explains why. Without these floating bridges, road traffic would squeak to a halt at the shores of the waters that slice the region apart.

Paradoxically, there are so many car ferry routes that a traveler can dispense with a car — and high gasoline prices. A sea break like me can visit as many as seven countries and some of the most hauntingly unforgettable coastlines in Europe by transferring from ferry route to ferry route.

Three nearby northern seas — the Øresund, the Skagerrak and Kattegat and the three-armed Baltic — have as almost

myriad quality. Past and present masts and a sense of imminent adventure always lie near to the fjords and the valleys and the fairy-tale islands and the harbors. Copenhagen, Lübeck, Göteborg, the nation's dramatic risk of disaster, icebergs, dunes, beauty and rugged air.

In northern ports I've freely walked the piers, dodging loafing stogie men, watching sail-stained fishermen digger their goods, rubbing my palm along their raised skin sides. I've made eye-to-eye with half-tattooed deckhands who lean on the varnished bulkheads of fishing steamers, which are used for the yachts. I've crunched through the snow by the Helsinki docks to watch 5,000-anniversary port the crackle ice of December and to gawk at seamen handling winter-offloaded cargo.

Holger Danske, course masts, dunes the lee of Finland and charms into the blink, black emptiness of the Skagerrak. The ship rolls now in north breeze of a westerly wind beyond the Georges, its stability mast moving gently across the sky like a piousness mechanism.

These modern, often frames for the long-trilled walls of Viking plunder ships and blue-hooped Herring trawlers. Unlike their forebears, the ferries offer speed, reliability, free food and, I mean, boy-meets-girl dinner from, duty-free shopping—and, get, a lot of the Viking's civility.

I've crossed 69 domestic ferry routes between the fragmentation of Denmark itself and 42 international routes that touch at Danish ports. There are at least a score of others connecting the Swedish mainland with offshore islands and with the two Greenlands, Finland and Iceland. If you are venturesome enough to travel without reservations, car-fares and caffeine, you can drift casually from port to port and stay until the call of a ship's whistle urges you on again. For example:

Copenhagen (on the Danish island of Zealand) to Rheze (on the Danish island of Bornholm)—a leisurely ferry passage of seven hours. Copenhagen may have lost most sexual smiles and superb restaurants, but the city down its basic charm from the sea. Bornholm is a lover's paradise off the north coast of Sweden. Besides run its eastern shore, close where seabirds thrive where rock dips sharply into the sea.

Rheze to Skie (on the Swedish island of Gotland)—12½ hours. Gotland lies far off the eastern coast of Sweden, but distance doesn't deter intrepid Swedes from swimming and sunbathing along its huge beaches of Baltic strand. Then 60 miles-long bays of beaches. Mounds and bluffs was, unusually, a stronghold of medieval pirates.

Skie to Helsinki, Finland—10 hours. The atmosphere of Helsinki has been called mysterious, a blend of east and west. Perhaps, but I color it backwater and hearty—a city where capitalism is a foreign stranger to the all-night house party. The Baltic seems to creep into Helsinki everywhere; in fact, virtually into the city core, to the open-air public market where quayside stalls sell fresh-caught Baltic herring.

Helsinki to Stockholm, Sweden—13 hours. The name Stockholm, comes from island (skole), island (skole) and hole (in-land), and the derivation led to describe the city even today. The prehistoric town was built on a hillside surrounded by water as a port of passage between the vast inland waterways of Sweden and the Baltic. It's a city of bridges and urban islands where without glide past downtown landmarks and where pedestrian ferries can be the least expensive mode of municipal transit.

Stockholm to Manchester (on the Finnish Åland Islands)—12 hours, return. Åland Islands was the home port of the last of the working ocean windships—the great steel-hulled, square-rigged sailing ships that carried grain from Australia to Europe until the 1940s. A museum and a preserved wind-jammer recall the story.

Nydhölm (near Stockholm) to Trondheim (near Lillobeck), West Germany—23 hours. A great "German" port since the early 13th century, Lillobeck was a founder and leader of the Hanseatic League, the Alliance of merchant ports that dominated trade in northern Europe for centuries. Routes

damaged the port during World War II, but much of its architectural precious core survives.

Lillobeck (Trondheim) to Zealand (Copenhagen)—eight hours.

Warren Zealand to Samsø—two hours. Samsø, a small Danish island, once sheltered a sailing Viking. Today the picturesque site leads in cruise to an un-Vikingly mild but discreetly popular cheese.

Samsø to Aarhus—two hours. Zealand is the crowded peninsula of Denmark, and Aarhus is its principal city and port and its severity center. Aarhus has an Old Town and a young-to-been identity that stems from its disproportionately large student population. A city of attractive women, loud music and easy laughter.

Aarhus to Oslo—16 hours. The sea touches the very heart of downtown Oslo, as do the traditions of Norwegian seamanship. The famous square-rigged boys' training ship Christian Radcliff moors a few hundred yards from City Hall. Heyerdahl's Kon-Tiki, Amundsen's Fram and several perfectly preserved specimens of Viking ships have found their final homes here in uncommemorated dignity.

Oslo to Frederikshavn, Denmark—30 hours. At Frederikshavn the sea wanders but seems to enmesh her on both sides of the general-point northern tip of Jutland.

Frederikshavn to Göteborg, Sweden—three hours. Wharves spread along the banks of the Göta river and the city spreads out from the wharves. Funnel and masts flood by night, backing the inner city's lanes. One can experience a shipwreck on Göteborg's water front: the converted or old mercantile building into a sea of restaurants and clubs. I dined and danced there for hours one night.

Göteborg to Kiel, West Germany—12 hours. In the history of modern naval warfare the name Kiel still resonates like the clang of hammer on iron. Kiel was base to the Kaiser's ill-fated High Seas Fleet, and Kiel trained the defeated but demented U-boat officers of World War II. In 1945 the city's major naval installations were dismantled. Today, it has airport yachting facilities.

Kiel to western Zealand—four hours. Got ferry edginess has been completed.

Holger Danske has stopped sailing, and the change is visible from a restless sleep. Along on deck, I walk in the pale dawn darkness and the biting wind, aware of the whorls of timbered hulls rising behind the coastal lights of Göteborg.

Only miles ahead, through the bays and beyond the farms and nurseries of the fjord, lies Oslo. I pass the deck a little faster, then drop to my trunkless pockets and lean forward in the upward and left, dreaming of an immigrant but bourgeois— but mainly walking off the impatient anticipation that a sea fresh finds approaching a strange coast and another port. ☐

#### How to go, where to stay

Copenhagen makes an excellent starting point for the sea voyager. You don't have to pay a ferry fee to a three-week cruise. It is only if you are fully embarked that you'll want an air ticket (only for 48 hours or longer).

Ferry travel can be actively inexpensive. If your tastes don't run wild. For example, at midsummer 1973 exchange rates, my one-way last-class passage on Holger Danske, including an onboard cabin without toilet, cost about \$38. I could have made the same trip in tourist class without berth for about \$17. At the same exchange rate, the minimum last passage from Copenhagen to Rome would cost about nine dollars from Frederikshavn to Göteborg about four.

Means or talent the fares cost about the same as in the 1940s. On short runs, you can make do with an open-hatch bunk or easily turn up a left bopper, share your hair.

If you intend to stay in hotels, ask for a minimum of \$10 a day (plus a small hotel in the town and perhaps \$17 in the cities). Carrying your own tent or asking housekeeping for a good guest house, hotels and pensions can slash your accommodation costs drastically.



#### The Sunstroke.

(Sometimes less is more.)

For a long time we chafe at the notion that longer days called for longer drinks. That any suggestion we made for summer weight to be served in a tall glass. The measure of fat logic: we now make, blended as in its flavor.

What matters obviously is not how long a drink is, just how good. So before you pack all your stubby little glasses in needlessly you might want to try a Smirnoff.

To make a Smirnoff pour 1/4 oz. Smirnoff and 3 oz.



gingerale juice into a short glass with ice. Add a little Triple Sec or sugar and stir.

**Smirnoff**  
It leaves you breathless.







the war graduated in 1946 from the University of Toronto. By accident — literally — she became a general practitioner a country doctor in fact instead of the ophthalmologist she had intended to be. Her family doctor in Walkerville asked her to fill in for him while he took a two-month summer vacation. His first week before the war on the second day he broke a bone in his hand and was out of practice for six months. She stayed on as a GP. Her office in the 1940-year old farmhouse her parents bought in the Thistles and which she and her husband purchased in 1949.

She met Allan Ruggie, a returning naval officer in 1946 and they were married two years later. She was in practice by that time and he was after her late start going through medical school since he had graduated and they were both likely to be making a fair living. They decided that they would devote part of their lives to public service outside the day-to-day practice of medicine. And that was the idea that resulted in Belle Stephenson after 10 years but never because she'd started practice as a doctor. She became extremely proud of the CMA, the highest honor Canadian doctors can bestow on one of their own.

The presidency of the CMA, like the mayors of a city, is not a position of real raw power. It is a broader sense of power, each office provides the president for power — a position that is grudgingly ignored or misplaced, depending on who is involved. Not many presidents of the CMA have really considered the possibilities of the office, but the Ontario Association of Medical Practitioners during his 1972-73 term, by introducing the considerable resources of the profession toward solving society's in the areas and problems of the aged in Canada (and itself) for a moment, the almost sudden public focus on the elderly which has developed in the past two years there is a real potential.

And the CMA itself through constant consultations with the Department of National Health and Welfare and through links to various government committees and commissions, carries a far wider of (and) Although a younging like that of the American Medical Association in Washington the AMA spends it. Dr. Stephenson was more lobbying in a quiet way than the CMA's willers in (and). After the AMA's apparent major concern and major thrust is toward the narrow interests of the profession — such as fighting government-sponsored universal medical insurance — while the CMA is more concerned with providing a valuable and effective basis for a healthy society in which physicians play a major role. Unfortunately because of the disproportionate influence as is of the American

an idea we need to confer the two associations and to believe that what one represents to too does the other. The AMA is generally reactionary and self-serving and the CMA, as exemplified in its position on abortion and on drugs, is counter-revolutionary. But all just possibly be dropped for position of any drug, is liberal and disarmingly more publicly responsible. And it is significant that while the AMA has been able to block medicine in the U.S. so successfully for so long, the CMA has been able to convince the Canadian government to allow doctors to (re)practice — they're one of the few self-employed people denied the right — and thereby save a few bucks on taxes. Some lobby.

The president of the CMA or for minutes the chief spokesman for organized medicine in Canada is nationally its spokesman and full contact with government, the public, and within the profession. The office is hard to handle — like her predecessors, Belle Stephenson paid her dues by serving on various sub-committees, committees, boards, and councils both provincially and nationally. All the while operating professionally and politically within a loose, quite acceptable to the majority of doctors — and it is safe to say that the first has been a guard to expect much from any given president. Most terms have been relatively successful.

The year however may be quite different. This president is a self-confessed team who loves creative stage. She has powerful and deeply felt opinions and she expresses them freely. She is the best of the best of the medical and not just because she's good copy but because she is one of those magnetic and impressive people that reporters find so easily in their daily work and lives. She cannot cope with empty or inconsequential as she does. There is a CMA board of directors meeting she exploded. "Goodness you guys! You missed out of a bunch of bloody old women!"

She is full of these little moments, often both light and heavy. She really believes (for example, that she doesn't want, but a few moments after she made that resolution she walked away from a telephone conversation muttering, "Heavens! She couldn't stand and power, but admits herself that she is doing it as a test of fate that she is a cold war bull in the pen of her women." "I'm absolutely terrified of making a mistake. I'd made a major one and a patient walked out of here and had a seizure on the street. I'd be crushed." She was just out of the hospital doesn't really want to quit, she has to not make to public, but can't of not trust that either. Because of a mislabourer that can only cope with 1,000 visitors a day she's almost chronically

continued on page 53

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Under Celsius, the 19th century astronomer, who devised the metric temperature scale, originally called it Centigrade. In honour of its inventor, °C is now designated as degree Celsius.

- 0° C is the freezing point of water.
- 100° C is boiling.
- 32° C is a very good day for a swim.
- 37° C is a normal body temperature, and
- 20° C is recommended as a comfortable temperature for most homes during winter.

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overnight that the loves to cat and loves to cook.

Yet she is, as situated with her apartment, she is with so many other things. Though as a journalist I'd known her for years, I fully expected that on a Wednesday afternoon — the traditional half-day off for doctors — I'd find her in jeans and a sweater. But no, there she was in crop-top and blouse system and shoes every hair in its proper order making impossible, ready for the camera. Bill Whitlow, with a close friend of Dr. Stephenson and of Dr. Penglase, did the straightforward that even if the two of them were to refuse to answer questions to a party while there to catch the garden they wouldn't there to change clothes. She's very old-fashioned — and very non-dishonest, which makes sense when you realize that in less than 25 years, a metropolitan replaced the dirt roads and farms that were part of her early practice. According to her husband, she runs her office like a country kitchen (which is in keeping with the tastes of the farmhouse) but she must have the only dining room in town that features copies of *Reader's*.

And oh, yes, she throws tantrums sometimes and goes into rages. While she can handle the major things in her life with cool and resolve, she can't like a woman half or a broken flagrant or something, something out of place can send her into a rage. (Anyone who has ever had a flipping television picture or a thirty-minute ribbon will understand.)

She loves being a doctor, and she thinks the medical profession is just about the best damn thing there is in the world, but she knows the right to be con-

sider of her failures when they don't measure up to the standards she demands of them and of herself. In her last speech as president of the AMA she told us her colleagues for hypocrisy and greed ("Do one hand we corrupt your government for unearned and unwarranted attention into the practice of medicine and the other hand we're with the money-making agencies, the pharmacy rewards resulting from the treatment") for self-interest ("...but best one friends by making the much publicized descent of the image of our profession from the pedestal of holy presence it is used to have enjoyed, and we fail to assume the individual responsibility for maintaining or enhancing the image"). For sometimes insufficient service to the public ("Why do so many of us fail to provide adequate medical coverage for major areas...").

She has the outward stoppage of an establishment conservative. "Personal responsibility among people is more important to me than personal rights," which phrase she, she, I support attention for any woman who needs one, but will not support the principle of abortion on demand that to her constitutes irresponsibility.

She is intelligent intellectually and in action, but she is not a politician. When she is now able, at 50, to suffer from all, she'll probably never be able to do so gladly. "I need to demand the same kind of respect from everybody that I do of myself — but that's wrong," she says. I know these people are going to be here in some kind of way. I say, maybe that's why I have fewer insurance now.

And she has the famous of an *anachronism*. "I'm opposed to the idea of the government running everything, since I think I'm opposed to the government running anything."

Practice and preaching would not appear to be consistent, as observations which in any case would only create the underlying ideology. She believes and has always believed in the availability of universal medical care insurance, yet both she and her husband have opted out of the direct-payment aspect of the Detrano government plan. In other words, they tell their patients directly and charge a small amount (one dollar) above the fee schedule. They handle all the paperwork, so there's no advantage to their franchise or otherwise, but what this does is place their patients in a position of responsibility (there's that word again) for their health care. (The patients bill and collect from the plan.) Dr. Stephenson and Penglase are in fact taking a chance of not getting paid — their fees would be guaranteed if they billed the private directly — so as in it turns out their bad debts are virtually nonexistent.

I suggested earlier that Belle Stephenson's term as president of the AMA was likely to be recalled. A number of key areas will be coming up in the next year, including a potentially controversial population control policy. But perhaps most important is the matter that has become over the past few years most important to the Scrapermen: just the position of rational, responsible, and democratic health care to all Canadians in all parts of the country. This could be the most significant health care breakthrough since the introduction of universal medical care, and perhaps even more so, because "The" treatment isn't much good to somebody who has no access to it — which is the case in a great many northern and rural areas as well as a number of low-income areas of the major cities.

Earlier this spring, as Detrano committee, of which she was a contributing member, made recommendations as radical as anything that might be called for by some leftist pressure groups. It calls for universal, even universal and administration of health care (diagnosis, psychological services, public health facilities, social work services, hospitals — the total requirement) to community or district, severely, which would decentralize among other things, which she was an opponent of general practitioners and specialists within their area — and of *general practice* others from coming in. (The procedure hasn't been worked out yet, but the results would not be determined by doctors or any other group.)

Obviously the sort of things would not serve the narrow interests of individual factors but it would tend to serve the interests of the wider community. And Belle Stephenson believes in an implementation of this strategy. It would mean that Dr. X, neurosurgeon, might be prevented from practicing in a Toronto overbooked with neurosurgeons and have to go elsewhere.

It could be as simple as a matter of ways, but most probably the doctor could simply prohibit him from being registered for health insurance, he could work, but would only be paid if his patients could pay him from their own pockets and would do so. She considers the hard line absolutely necessary. "The role of the physician," she said, "must be modified rapidly and drastically. If we don't accept the vital role we have to play, then we can be destroyed from within and become rotten and ineffective."

"As far as talking doctors where they can or can't go — well at the moment we can't do that except by mutual consent. But I can see no other way around the problems of getting good health care to all Canadians."

It's the kind of legacy that Belle Stephenson wants to leave.

**THE SKIPPER** (page 53) and worked at the steel plant in the spring. I went to Boston and got on a steamer there, running down south to the West Indies, stayed there a summer and didn't come home until February. Then I got married." He chuckled, as though he still doesn't quite believe he got married, though his two sons and three daughters provide hard evidence that he did.

"And on my way from Boston I went down along the waterfront and spotted a schooner, a Bay of Pundrum, loaded with fertilizer, and she was for sale. So I went aboard, and he told me what price he wanted. I said, 'I'll let you know in two or three days if we'll take her' — I didn't have the money, but Dad had the money. Sure enough, Dad wired that we'd take her after she'd gone to Wollsville — that's where the war went, in Wollsville. It was in April they called, said she was all discharged and ready. So we went up. We loaded with lumber and went to the States." His father came out of retirement and put in two seasons on the new ship *Maple Leaf*.

It was a good business. They got a dollar a thousand for carrying shingle and oak, and the *Maple Leaf* could carry fifteen hundred or sixteen hundred thousand. There was a crew of six, but *Maple Leaf*, much smaller, could get by with a skipper, mate and two deckhands. A mate would cost \$40 or \$45 a month, deckhands perhaps half that, and you could make a round trip to New York in a month. *Maple Leaf* cost \$3,800, with luck, she could pay for herself in half a season, and the skipper could get 11 years.

Laurance, his father and two deckhands were bound for Halifax from PEI at the beginning of December, 1907, with the hold full of locust poison and a deckload of oranges. "Those hard as hell!"

"We got caught in a breeze of wind — we were off of Halders, east of Halifax — and the wind backed to the north, going to blow. We were carrying too much oak, and we were out masted and blew the job off her. Got some, and we had to lay up. 'Course we went offshore after a ways, you know, got all road up." He shakes his head. Her destiny is a ship's balance and stability, makes her prone to catastrophe for being cold and serious no matter what happens. He shrugs.

"What can you do, eh? When you're caught, you're caught. No, just getting soaked, you'd only discourage the crew. You do the best you can, it's all you can do." They kept up to Halifax December 4.

continued on page 54



**How do they make Maraca Rum so light?**



On December 6, Maple Leaf lay alongside the old Central Wharf under an overnight dumping of snow. Leonard went out to sweep her. The heavy wooden hull covers were still, ready to unload porpoises. "Beneath meaning" Leonard shakes his head. "That's not, not a breath of wind." Suddenly he was knocked off his feet by a gustance accompanied by a colorful roar: the hatch covers dropped into the hold, the windows in the deckhouse blew in, the lid flew off the galley door. Then the ship lifted and surged forward on her deck leeks, angled downward, tilted and crashed against the wharf's harbor at the Narrows, the freighter here had collided with the French merchant ship *Mont Rose*, setting off the most powerful man-made explosion in history prior to Hiroshima. A square mile of Halifax was obliterated; 3,000 were killed; 8,000 wounded and hundreds were blinded by flying glass.

Misadventure, suffered Leonard, his crew nor his ship suffered more than trivial damage. Leonard walked to the wharf office where the windows were all blown in and the secretary, calm and frightened, was crying. He sent her home and set out to find his sister-in-law, a South Sea woman teaching in a North American school. The pleasure spent in their lives in the North End, a couple of miles away, but even beyond the shelter of Citadel Hill the damage was extensive.

"It didn't look too good," Leonard says grimly. "Most of the windows were broken in the deck and below, doors down — there was a lot of lives lost you know. But I don't see that. Where I was there wasn't too many in the street. Anybody had a home, I suppose they'd want to get home."

He found his sister-in-law asleep, and tried to read a telegram home that the knees were all down. He went back to the ship. That afternoon the coal, spilt from the front of sterns at the wrecked North End wharf.

"The wind sprang up from the north, and that's how it started to snow. You could see the fire from the ship, series high in the sky, even though it was quite a ways from where we were."

To this day Leonard has his suspicions about the explosion. "No need of that collision," he says, his brow furrowed. "Perfect weather, good visibility, there was a pilot on each boat so they were away from each other. Keep to your right, eh? Some in the highway, you got to keep to your right. Lots of room at the Narrows for two ships." Two was not. "But bad for an old fellow, eh? He's an excellent workman. A couple of years ago he was a new lad in Lunenburg. He took off his shoes, turned her bottom up in Claude Porter's shed, shone a tree from his noodle on Bernard Island and had walked to sea, certainly staged it and filed it in."

He didn't leave the sea for good until he was 71. It isn't mean that he retired, in Nova Scotia villages people don't seem to retire or become seniors. Growing old in D'Arcyville doesn't mean being shunted into a home; that is really a ghetto for obsolete wage earners. Growing old in D'Arcyville past means your life runs down as gradually as the grass turns brown.

Leonard Porter is not an old man, he is Leonard, and his friends are as likely as not to be his juniors by half a century. He'll go mackerel fishing with Jim Harrison, a masonry contractor in his thirties, or with Stanley Bradburn, who's just turned 40. Stanley likes to tell about the winter day he and the skipper were driving around in Stanley's Mustang, each of them with a beer open. Some headlight shot out from a side road and he is lost of them and Stanley screamed on the brakes, narrowly avoiding the other car. Leonard, cool as always, sat quietly in the death seat. Then, where the danger had passed, he said, "That's terrible, Bradburn. If we hit that fellow, you know what people would say? They wouldn't ask, are they hurt? In Stanley's car badly smashed? No, they'd say, there's Porter and Bradburn, drinking again."

By 1921, even the coastal trade was finished with sailing vessels. When Francis Edward Island went to work

gauge railways, coal cars could roll right on the ferry and off into Charlottetown there was no need of schooners to bring Cape Breton coal. As winds improved and trading grew, sailing ships came to seem undesirable. "In 1926," says Leonard, "there was no more trade for them at all. You'd go into a broker's office looking for a ship, and he'd say, 'You got a farm at home? That was poor management, wasn't it?'"

Leonard went where and worked as a carpenter. He gets up and points out the built-in cupboards in the kitchen. "Not bad for an old fellow, eh? He's an excellent workman. A couple of years ago he was a new lad in Lunenburg. He took off his shoes, turned her bottom up in Claude Porter's shed, shone a tree from his noodle on Bernard Island and had walked to sea, certainly staged it and filed it in."

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The skipper is not really a drinker, even now. All the wine, when the ship is spaced and the sails are furled, you can pour him a finger or two of white rum, Brandy by preference, and he won't object. He drinks it neat.

On November 19, a couple of us took a bottle of Brandy over to Leonard's. Around noon's innumerable knives table eight people were playing forty-five, a card game to which Nova Scotians are passionately

devoted. Stanley was there, Leonard's brother Alva and his wife, various other relatives and neighbors. Susan posed homely and shy, and Stanley poured wine. We played all night, while Susan produced a cake with two candles. Leonard took quite a few turns before he got the second candle out. He was 84 that night.

A few days earlier I had been poking through the old cemetery by the shore. It hasn't been used for years, since they opened the new one up behind the church, and it's a jumble of other asks and wild roses, the tombstones falling over, the graves themselves overgrown in. Father Mose, a Jesuit, in fact, once told us a grave there, trying to help a man find his grandfather's headstone. Children avoid the old graveyard, and most adults never think of it, but I like to go there at occasionally picking up hints of what life was like here in years past by. On a hollowing stone, were almost smooth by the sea wind and rain, is the sole reminder that a little Bradburn or Bradburn or Macdonald lived for us there in the 1840s. A woman whose age at 38, in childhood perhaps, his brother, her husband, who lived to be 70.

In the middle of this intended burial ground, one grave had been put in shape, with new concrete posts at the corners, black painted pipe railings, all the weeds pulled and the shrubs cut back. Two tombstones stood proudly upright, and my stomach jumped when I caught the names: Captain Porter and Susan Bradburn. Thank God, and when I looked more closely I could see it read "Captain Alfred Porter" and "Susan, nee Bradburn, his wife," his beloved wife. They were Leonard's parents; Leonard and Al had been the plot in shape over the summer.

Traverse him, I told myself as I walked home from Stanley's birthday. Try to grow old with the skipper's grace, dignity, humor. Live with him, if you can, at 84. I remembered something Leonard had said a few weeks before, when I asked him how he liked going back to sea in stranger and unknown. Was steam in good to sail?

"No," he said, very definitely. "Not anymore. A man's wife, when the ship is spaced and the sails are furled, you can pour him a finger or two of white rum, Brandy by preference, and he won't object. He drinks it neat."

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William Huxford

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We visited the old fort



## Twenty-five years too late

On March 31, 1990, Newfoundland's heritage was sold for a year of Confederation.

BY MICHAEL COOK

Newfoundland is celebrating its twenty-fifth year of Confederation this year with events to promote itself as the last Canadian frontier.

For most Canadians, trapped in their inner cities suffering from an identity crisis that borders on the schizophrenic, having finally had to abandon the imperial roots of London and Windsor agents, Newfoundland appears to offer some solutions. What is being sold is the promise of the rediscovery of the roots and branch of European culture in North America, a culture refined and shaped by a Canadian commitment and identity yet untouched by the crudities of North American capitalism. But it's too late. The world you are in search of has disappeared. Newfoundland challenged us for Confederation. And if you were instead of coming to a celebration you'll be coming to a wake.

The dissolution of Newfoundland's heritage was a gradual and probably unintentional process. Who knows or even cares that the colony was the site of the very first English settlement in North America for 100 years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers—that the powerful West Country merchants influenced Elizabeth's reign? Lord Cochrane is sure on record to ensure the sale of Newfoundland cold, that the might of England's colonial power was founded on a navy whose training and securing ground was the Banks Island? Who knows or cares that it was the only colony where English and Irish soldiers were hired out and monitored by English and Irish soldiers acting on government orders? Those elements of history

exist for those who care to find out and they are, I suppose, no more or less surprising than the history of other cultures. No what has been lost is more personal, something more akin to love or friendship, something far more difficult to replace.

Newfoundland is like an English-speaking Quebec, where a people in their individual history in their awareness of themselves, in their minds, struggle with the movement and against the forces of oppression, military, political and economic, kept a firm hold upon their culture, their mythology and their language. Newfoundlanders always knew who they were and where they belonged.

That knowledge, although it recognized an actual origin, whether they were English, Irish or French, seems to be a very early stage to have been imposed with a profoundly massive sense of place and time, so that with Confederation Newfoundland brought Canada an expression of inherited folklore and traditions that was uniquely its own. Each island society had its own who in time or story personified the fabric of human history. The fishermen, sailors and loggers who journeyed continually exchanged incorporated and enlarged their histories until in a most simple and profound level the fishermen resembled with the joint histories of survival and disaster. Even sailing fishermen were committed to some

will take you right to Basque  
and if to this cruise you hold true  
"hell get ye down to Basque"

It was a continuing expression, not of conquest and exploration in the North Atlantic but rather of the attempt of humanity against unfair odds.

Newfoundland wasn't destroyed by ignorance and indifference or neglect, all of which as people have endured for centuries. Instead we were destroyed by progress and misguided planning, a view for the good and bad judgment of our politicians and politicians, as well as those of the rest of Canada.

An icy Scotland became infected with the energy of fishing. Newfoundland, to compare proudly and on equal terms with industrial Canada, was thus emerged which demonstrated the tragedy of this conception. One was the breathlessness of everything that had held the people united for centuries. The other was the Newfie joke. There are subtle ways of destroying people, done by the use of firearms.

To appreciate, blame is pointless. Jerry Seinfeld was as much a writer of controversy as he was a comedian. The rest of Canada viewed our legends, traditions, our unique

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pronunciation, intonation and vocabulary with discrete. So our own education system struggled miserably to make every-one conform to standard English, which promoted a massive sense of inferiority in terms of expression among the young. Nobody thought of teaching standard English as a science (and often not a language, which is what it is).

Industrial developers raped the resources by special invitation. Ottawa planners concentrated on a massive resettlement program which dragged people in from the bays and outer islands to centralized communities where, supposedly, there would be superb education and medical facilities and boundless opportunities for work. All too often there was no work and the promised facilities were equally as remote as they had been in the outposts. But in one patient lady (whose house had been floated across the river to Arnold's Cove) it marked: "When we drive the blinds at night, at least we can think we're at home."

There is a great and tragic sense of loss in Newfoundland in Placentia, Trinity and Bellissima Bays, the resettled towns their islands still in their eyes and their history already distant abandoned among the ruins of dead communities and grounds reaching towards the empty sky. Many of our communities are threatened with physical or economic extinction. The people of these communities, trapped into a welfare and unemployment economy, are struggling to maintain their independence, their future pride, in the face of outright hostility.

Don't come to us as in August, Come, for the love of God, in February or March.

Come to Pogo Island where recently my father-in-law died feeling a loss of water from a well 300 dark and icy yards from his house. Come to Pogo where you have to travel three towns on horse and sled to cut a stick of wood to keep the oil fire down, where men, confined to, isolated homes, fight greedily year after year to haul enough fish from the surge winter so he able to buy food at the highest prices in Canada, with the possible exception of Labrador and the Northwest Territories. On Pogo a man, conscious of the fact that since foreign fishermen have dragged his best catch, he now has to travel 40 or 50 miles offshore to catch his fish. He will take out a \$300,000 mortgage on a long line. He does this even though he knows that if for one more year foreign firms link off his island he won't be able to stem the payments. He also knows that if the season is short and there are no fish he won't be able to make enough money to claim unemployment insurance and will have to go, cap in hand, to the welfare office where he

might get \$50 a week to support his wife and five kids for the next month or so.

Come to Pogo and meet the grandmothers, and the great grandmothers, sing-sung, God-fearing, busy in the line, who have cooked their men and the men, and who know that when they go the just dies with them.

But don't go to St. John's, a city in the process of destruction. It's a little Manhattan in the making, a developer's dream, a people's nightmare. The city that once was is kept only barely alive through the wrings of a local politician, Kevin Larkin, and in the few remaining pits that devoted to demolition, echo with the fading chorus of returned sailors long, long ago.

By all means, though, do come and see us. Bring your camera to record the festival, but also observe what the camera cannot record — the future of a spirit that has expelled Newfoundland's development since Confederation is laid out that was, perhaps, inevitable if we are truly to be recognized as part of Canada. A failure to check and lower a way of life that has brought income and dignity to the cashless fishermen of Iceland and Norway. A failure to channel the obvious economic and technological benefits of Confederation into alternatives to industrialization. A failure to recognize the value of human resources. A failure to recognize that colonization is a 19th-century absurdity which has had a disastrous effect upon other nations in terms of violence, degradation and pollution; and most notably, a failure to understand that the most cherished thing, a nation's culture, its religious culture, has been sacrificed in order that Newfoundland might achieve economic and political viability within the terms of the Confederation Agreement.

Can anything be salvaged from the ruins of the nation past? Certainly the young are beginning to examine their origins and political destiny. But there are few indications that governments or business look to anything other than industrial solutions: the profit motive and work ethic reign supreme and a profit-fueled and brainless bureaucracy labors at snuffing the last remaining bits of dignity from those, around the Bays, who are the true inheritors and possessors of our disappearing culture and traditions.

"I sense either when she find her door to the world," an old fisherman told me referring to the depiction of an old man transported God knows when by someone in possession of bene-

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## SUPERMARKETS consumed

was posted over two others, one of \$1.38 and one of \$1.29. That very morning, Dominion had taken full-page ads to tell the world that it would not raise "the incredible price of any existing shelf stock" in the reporter complained. Too bad he was told: he would have to pay the \$1.68 price. However, when the story broke, Dominion was charged with false advertising and eventually paid a fine.

Despite the misadventure, perfectly given that incident in August of 1971 when the food board survey was conducted later, it uncovered 102 cases of double indexing across the land. On August 17, this supermarket chain gave a specific undertaking to the board, but in no case, the board found, did a chain keep its promise. When the report was made public, the supermarkets complained about the investigations calling them "outrageous," "invasive," they weren't precise, the stores said; they were "erroneous." A practice is when you do something all the time, so error is when you do it a lot and get caught.

The job of a supermarket is a self-service, and the art of making a lot of profit is to make you see every year itself. That is why there is so much emphasis on impulse items, which carry a higher markup than the general run of groceries. Packaging is an extension of this run game, and packaging techniques are often used to limit prices while concealing the increase. Soup selling for 89 cents is put into a new package which looks the same size, but actually contains less product. "Cuts off" symbols which are in reality the regular price. "Stack 10" in which the package contains a substantial proportion of air and the proliferation of a confusing array of sizes all help in the deception. A single supermarket contains 17 sizes of meat, 11 sizes of crackers, seven sizes of pasta, eight sizes of processed meats and seven sizes of frozen vegetables.

You are asked to believe that at Mrs. Henderson, don't demand Mrs. Henderson, who sits on the board, addressing. When A.P. executives appeared before the House of Commons Special Committee on Trade and Food Prices, they acknowledged that multiple size and electronic packages were adding to food costs. If C. Kennedy, the president, was then asked why his company didn't do something about it, and he replied it was something about it.

"I suppose that I would have to be answering that, let myself back some 16 years ago when I started in the food business. Then we did not have the proliferation of colors. Today I know how upset Mrs. Kennedy gets when the particular color that she wants for her facial tissue is not available. Nor did we have the number of cereals then that we have available today. It made the stocking of a store a good deal easier and

stock-outs a little less frequent than in the case today. But I do not know whether anybody really wants to return to 16 years ago, or even 16 years ago."

J. P. Nicholson, A.P.'s Director of Purchasing, took up the boss's theme: "We make available to the customer those things that he purchases in our stores in their quantities. . . . As long as there is sufficient movement of the product, we carry it."

I doubt if any consumer ever demanded 17 sizes of cereal, not even Mrs. Kennedy. What happened is that the cereal manufacturers created the demand and hoisted their marketing with specific packaging, out of which the stores could make a profit, then stores pushed the staff at work displaying it to look deceptively like a bargain and then when consumers caught in the bewildering confusion of a modern supermarket thought it, they were generally put down as the source of the trouble.

The fact is not that consumers are demanding to be fooled but that food stores are able to make money out of the coming. No consumer ever demanded to be faced with 54 new products a week — as the Canadian food buyer in today. Those new products cost money, especially when more than half of them fail. In fact, few of them are new in anything but name; they are reworkings of products already available. Of all the thousands of new products introduced in an 18-year span in the U.S., two Harvard professors concluded, only 30 were really new (flavors, orange juice, powdered potatoes etc.) all the rest were modifications of existing products.

Deception is not the accidental offshoot of supermarket merchandising, but a central doctrine — and a store's considerable resources — layout, packaging and pricing — help the picture. When psychologist Martin P. Friedman asked 33 young married women each with at least one year of college education to select the "best deal" while purchasing 30 popular items at a supermarket, they made uncorrelated choices 63% of the time and they spent on the average 9% more than they should have. They were given an hour to their shopping in about three times as much as normal for that length of list. If a smart young woman with lots of time and under test conditions can find so badly how does the average hurried shopper, dragging two kids and a head-on and working against the clock, make out? To the consumer in a supermarket it is the consumer who demands the ease of modern food merchandising is the parent guilt.

We would all be better served if the supermarkets scrapped the slogans they keep repeating at us today and celebrated that ancient Latin motto: *cover up* — let the buyer beware. ☐



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# STANFIELD'S LAST HURRAH

How the Conservative Party was beaten again

BY WALTER STEWART

When I was a kid, I always had trouble with the fable about the tortoise and the hare. I mean, all the dumb bunnies had to do was hop over the finish line, and then he could sit down and rest in his gladdening trail. If the tortoise really won that race, I thought, it was probably because he was lucky enough to go up against the hare with the lowest natural ratings in the whole hare patch. It wouldn't possibly happen again.

Robert Stanfield began to run for the nation's top political job back in 1947. He kept at it faithfully, slowly building up his support, vote by vote, riding by riding, first through provincial politics, then through the Conservative leadership race, then through three federal election campaigns. On July 8, 1974, it became clear that he had won again: a far greater senior Anselm than Pierre Elliott Trudeau may have laid off the peas in 1972, but this time he fledged and stopped, staggered and staggered and showed his heels to Stanfield from start to finish. That may not be justice, but it is politics, and it's hard now, in the clear light of the election results, to see how it could have worked out any other way.

The Stanfield campaign was well organized, generously funded, meticulously planned, and it came together just the way Tory strategists expected. There was only one flaw: it didn't work. It was built on two underlying assumptions, and they were both wrong, the first was that Canadians, upset by inflation (the one fact on which all soundings agree), would swallow the bitter pill of income and price controls; the second was that, despite ideological differences, all Canadians would respond, in the end, to Robert Stanfield's angry claims in such the same way

New Yorkers had in the Fifties and early Sixties. They might not be overwhelmed by him at first but, given enough time and the right kind of exposure, they would finally come to accept him.

On paper, the assumptions looked sound, but they didn't allow for the flexibility, energy and electoral skill of the Prime Minister, not for the fact that, as politics, nothing is more dangerous than candor. From the beginning, Stanfield tried to explain a complex and controversial policy by answering questions, nodding and refining his position, admitting that he was far from certain he had the perfect solution and warning Canadians that, if they elected him, things might get worse before they got better. He was, accordingly, put down by the press, caught by the opposition and rejected by the voters.

Trudeau played across this network of wrong assumptions in an election campaign that was as lively as it was conspiratorial to his opponents.

He gave us his third impression, the Fighting Father (in 1968, he had been a Happy Swami in 1972, the foot-marched Philosopher King). He jolted with the truth — he announced on May 7 that if his government's budget was defeated, it would not be able to collect the oil export tax, on May 8, after the defeat, letters went out to the companies insisting them to pay it. He warned us to beware of politicians bearing promises, and thus poured forth an astonishing cornucopia of promises of his own, each accompanied by a drum roll of publicity. In 1972, the Liberal slogan was *Just Land is Strange*, five days it seemed to be a promise a day keeps the Tories at bay. He refused to answer questions or explain himself, leaving



"...Quebec publicity spoke of Monsieur Trudeau and Mister Stanfield, asking French Canadians to stand against *les autres*..."

these choices to later lights. He made deliberate and effective use of his beautiful wife, Margaret, after having told us that a politician's use of his family was "unacceptable." He refused to answer questionable questions — dying into Winnipeg, the day of Stanfield's first visit there to announce an Air Canada overhaul plan, a move that reversed the policy and economics of the supposedly independent crown corporation, outfoxing a TV ad that showed checks being passed in the U.S., and implied that price controls would lead to the same thing in Canada. The checks in the U.S. were actually destroyed for health reasons, and in fact the Canadian government subsidized the slaughter of 1.4 million laying hens in this country in 1972, without benefit of controls. There was a scene from his office to all government departments, directing them to stock all announcements through Liberal newspaper editor-in-chief Keith Dewey, "to ensure maximum publicity." This was the subtlest Quebec campaign, in which the Liberal publicity referred to "Monsieur Trudeau" and "Mister Stanfield," and invited French Canadians to stand together with the Liberal Party against all *autres*.

Never mind, whatever the Liberal campaign was, it was exciting and that made it, by definition, successful. And, as the Tories learned, you can't fight fire with match.

In a way, Stanfield's campaign, as it were, was preordained. He had been using roughly the same approach since 1947, when he became president of the Conservative Party in Nova Scotia. The Tories had no voice at that time, they had been in the wilderness so long they ceased to be the party wherever Angus I. Macdonald chose to call an election. They had little organization and less money. One reason Stanfield got the job was just being rich, he could afford to pay his own campaign expenses, another was that nobody else wanted it.

Step by step, rising by rising, he reorganized the party, drew it into his own hands, built it into an election machine. He became party leader in 1963, and took three elections and eight years to become premier. On election night in 1966, when the late George Norciss, a prominent Nova Scotia Tory, heard the first reports that the Liberal Party had won, he said, "I don't know what to say, I'm a wreck." Stanfield was in Cape Breton, he went to the airport, "The party is in the air, and they're already drunk in Cape Breton." But they weren't drunk; Cape

Breton had gone Tory, and so had most of Nova Scotia.

When, after 25 years as premier, Stanfield was ready to make his federal try, he went at it in the same methodical fashion. He arrived in Ottawa early in August, 1967, and a reporter asked him about his strategy for the upcoming leadership convention. "Well," drawled Stanfield, "I've not too much known around here, so I guess I'll go out and talk to some Ottawa delegates." So he did that, and then he talked to Toronto delegates and western delegates and Quebec delegates. He didn't wear any of them, but he understood their indifference enough to win the leadership. Once in that post, he saw no reason to change his approach; he didn't win the voters as much as he won them down, and the technique seemed to be working. In 1972, he did much better than in 1967, and in 1974 he only needed to do a little better to win. So the campaign was merely an extension of all the earlier ones, Stanfield would tug at the electorate's sleeve with such quiet persistence that the Canadian voters would finally say, "All right, dammit, take the job."

It is typical of the Stanfield campaign that it turned on two crucial decisions and one key battle fought before the election even began. The two crucial decisions were to make income and price controls the main Tory plank, and to focus the campaign on Stanfield instead of around him, as in 1972 (the same progression had taken place in Nova Scotia, at first, he was treated as a campaign liability; by 1967, he was the campaign). The key battle was the electoral struggle over the income and price policy.

In the 1972 campaign, Stanfield had flirted with controls but never embraced them, as his strongest statement on the subject he said that "If the situation warrants it, I shall not hesitate to impose such controls." Controls if necessary but not necessarily controls, the policy was set in different from the Liberal position on that central issue. Given the fact that Trudeau has always been more popular than Stanfield, the Tories couldn't win if they wanted to make the cent campaign an arena contest instead of a personality race, they had to come up with an issue.

Consequently — and Stanfield took it as not a matter of choice but a shrike in his personal constitution — they soon had such an issue. As inflation mounted through the end of 1972, the Tory leader put aside his

# The weather beater.

*Light*

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*Barbados and Bitter*

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"...So Stanfield and income and price controls were programmed as campaign centrepieces long before the snow began to melt..."

meanings about controls and insisted that there was no other route to economic stability.

Once that decision was made, it became clear that the campaign would have to centre on Stanfield himself. Although an attempt was made to portray the change as a party decision, it was not. It was Stanfield's decision, and he was the logical one to explain and defend it. Besides, the 1972 tactic of seeking to apologize for the party leader instead of attacking him had not worked. In that election, Stanfield shared the Quebec spotlight with Claude Wagner and the national spotlight with wilderness hunter-turned-to-be around. Except in the Montserrat, party ads stressed the "lean" approach, and much of the TV campaign featured Peter Brilly and John Fraser, smoother performers than political neophytes.

The trick failed, especially in Quebec, where the party leaders ran Wagner up the flagpole only to see the pole collapse. Wagner barely won his own seat, and was no help to Howard Grubbey in the only other successful Tory campaign in the province.

"We were looking for the easy solution," Stanfield said in "The Quebec Experiment" which began in a lot of support. He acknowledged that, when the failure became apparent, "there was a certain amount of criticism from our Quebec people" — a phrase equivalent to Trudeau reporting that he had run into a certain amount of resistance in Alberta. "Therefore," Stanfield went on, "it became apparent that they had to go with us."

And so, controls and Stanfield were programmed as the campaign centrepieces long before the winter snow began to melt in Ottawa and take with it the NDP-Liberal alliance. But then the party was wrecked by one of its spontaneous internal battles. As Stanfield told me, "When the controls issue was first put through, most of our people accepted it, but they didn't really understand it. It was only when an election was nearly on there and they realized that they would have to campaign on controls that there was real trouble."

At the centre of the trouble was Jim Gillies, the shadow minister of Finance. Gillies, an economist, ex-chairman of the Ontario Economic Council, and as a newspaper columnist, had always opposed controls, and the decision to place for them unnerved him. Although

he kept his opposition out of the caucus, he had several long talks with his leader, both in his parliamentary office and in Stanfield's car, and they never found together to Rockcliffe, and he put his seat as forcefully as he could without raising being dumped out on the sidewalk.

In the fall of 1973, when the Arab oil embargo began to send a series of spasms through the economy, Gillies thought he saw his chance. He told Stanfield that here was the perfect opportunity to dark out of the controls policy, anyone could see that it would be impossible to freeze prices on an essential import — a necessary precondition for the program — in these circumstances.

Stanfield merely raised one heavily thickened eyebrow. The public was barely beginning to grasp the party position, he said, and to reverse it now would lead to legislative confusion. Besides, there was another consideration, one that Stanfield explained to me on the day before the election, as we walked toward Hobbie's in his central DC-9, and he relaxed over a drink and contemplated the decision that framed the campaign. "I know from the beginning that the decision would pose problems," he said, "I know it would put us on the defensive in the campaign. After all, it is easier for an opposition simply to oppose rather than to offer alternative solutions. But I felt that this was the responsible course, and so we went on as we began."

When Gillies framed up the relief, prices continued to rise, and by early in 1974 "double digit" (more than 10% a year) inflation had Canada's economy by the throat. Now Gillies changed his mind. Inflation at a rate of 20% or 30% could be held in check by negating the changes on fiscal and monetary policy, but runaway inflation was something else again. At last he had to agree with Stanfield, and suddenly Gillies was popping up at business breakfasts all over the country pleading controls. But he found a very curious thing, whenever he began to speak about inflation and the evils thereof, his business audiences cheered him to the echo, but when he trotted out the controls solution, a dolorous silence settled quickly over the crowd. He told me, "It was as if you turned off a switch, and every smile in the room went out."

On May 6, the day John Turner's federal budget was unveiled in the House of Commons, Gillies made a last-ditch effort to communicate his uneasiness. That morning,



"...All the polls hurt the Tories; they seemed to say the only way to have a majority government was to plump for the Liberals..."

he dropped into Stiefeld's corner block office for a chat. Turner's budget was likely to be defunct, he told Stiefeld, and an election was inevitable. If the Tories were ever to get rid of the abhorred all-controls — and he himself had grown quite fond of the bird, but he wasn't sure how it would fare in actual company — the last chance would come during the budget debate.

"Frankly," Stiefeld said, in describing that meeting, "I'm not running into him and he got the jitters."

So he went through the argument again. He shared Gilpin's concerns about the administration of controls, and he agreed they were only part of the solution. In normal circumstances, he would not be picking them, but circumstances were not normal. Inflation was destroying the Canadian economy, undermining Canadian institutions, and the Liberals would not or would not do anything. The Tories had a solution, even if it wasn't perfect, wasn't it better to try something than do nothing?

Gilpin nodded, he really had no choice. Had his doubts and switches become public, had they even been aired in caucus, the Tory campaign would have been in shreds before it began. If the positive Franco monster was edgy about controls, how could his leader risk the action to accept them? Gilpin decided that, in the end, Stiefeld knew more about politics than he did, and that controls could be made palatable.

As it turned out, it was Gilpin who read the public mood accurately, but the Tory strategy was already set. It was a strategy of elegant simplicity, infection was to be the main, controls the solution, and Stiefeld the one man willing to impose them.

The campaign went smoothly enough until May 27, when Leonard Basso won the PC nomination for Manitoba by a vote of 499-445. The last known opponent of Stiefeldism in Canada would be a Tory standard-bearer unless Stiefeld acted. He did, he said that Basso was "not acceptable," and stuck to his position after a meeting with the candidate. Basso ran as an Independent, and won.

The Tories must help the Tories in Quebec — where a deficit existed, because the economy was going liberal anyway — and hurt them in the West and as such went Ontario soon as Ottawa West. At an all-candidates meeting there a few days after the resignation of Jones, Peter

Roach, the PC incumbent, received sturdy applause for almost everything he said, until he remarked that he was "proud of my leader" for dumping Jones. The church hall audience, mostly civil servants, went deadly quiet. Then a man at the back shouted, "Nobody's sleeping now, Peter!"

Cliff Scottson, the federal secretary of the NDP, told me, "The Jones decision showed what a decent, thoroughly nice man Stiefeld is," and added, "But nice guys don't win elections."

By June 5, when the Gallup poll was released, the Tory campaign was already faltering. There was a picture of Stiefeld dropping a football in North Bay (he caught several passes during an airport ramp and missed one; a Canadian Press photographer took several pictures, but CP missed only the football), and a number of conservatives who claimed the fact that Stiefeld was trying not to go prime minister, not tight and, coupled the Jones affair with the football and famous loosening disaster ahead for the clumsy Tories.

Then, on June 4, Trudeau unleashed his secret weapon — his wife Margaret, blushing prettily from a Vancouver platform and telling the world that her husband was a "beautiful guy" who had taught her a lot about living. It began to look as if the political Tories should back off, and leave the field open to Basso (illustrated and pictured).

The Gallup poll added a final touch, it showed the Liberals with 48% of the popular vote in the Tories' 33%. All the polls hurt the Tories; they seemed to say that the only way to have a majority government, which most Canadians wanted, was to plump for the Liberals. The press coverage hurt the Tories, too. For the first three weeks of the campaign, newspapers swarmed all over the controls program, taking its reflexes and looking in its data. As Stiefeld had foreseen, he was put on the defensive. But, curiously enough, when the Prime Minister began to reel out his hastily concocted policies, they were seldom subjected to the same searching scrutiny.

The Liberals adopted a cynical but thoroughly successful technique of avoiding new programs. Reports on the Trudeau tour were often headed a lullaby phrase relating to the latest giveaways while they were aboard a plane or bus, where they had no access to background material

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"...Defeat is hard to categorize; there was never a time when the Tories thought they were beaten, given the undecided vote..."

and were safety out of touch with other sources. A Trudeau aide would answer a few questions — but seldom the crucial ones, how much would the new program cost? — and at the next step the Prime Minister would make some glancing reference to the policy (but he would not answer questions). The reporters would flock off to the nearest phone to file stories based on the press release and Trudeau would have the headlines for another day. Few newspapers ever followed up by asking reporters out to find out what the new policies would mean in practice. They were too busy unrolling the next roll of publicity.

The Tory campaign was not equipped to deal with bad news or bad reporting; it continued to move forward on prearranged lines, like a sea-board limping. The two-week span from June 3 to June 22 that should have marked the campaign turnaround was instead mired with confusion, large and small.

On June 12, Statistics Canada released Consumer Price Index figures that showed a jump of 1.7% in the month of May, the largest jump in more than two decades. The Tories were switching for these figures, which were released at 1:30 a.m. that Wednesday. A few minutes later, Stasfield's phone at the Bristol Plaza Hotel in Toronto rang with the news. The Tory strategy seemed vindicated; prices were obviously rocketing out of control and the Prime Minister had no more comfort for Canadians than that they should "take it easy" and "not get excited" about rising inflation.

But Stasfield was not able to gain his advantage. He kept saying that income and price controls, coupled with tough cuts in government spending, would fix inflation, but he wouldn't say how the controls were to be applied, and by the time he had finished listing all the exemptions — housing, food prices at the farm plot, wage hikes that had already been negotiated, and those where economies were below a decent standard — it was hard to work out what impact the program would have.

Then the Tories rolled John Diefenbaker up to the firing line. The old chief certainly seemed to have snowed again, but asking him aid was like asking a hobbit to help save a world — you could never be sure who was going to get enslaved. He had barely hit the headlines when, in Prince Edward Island, he drew Tony Blood. He said

that he didn't favor freezing wages until they caught up with prices, which appeared to contradict Stasfield (although in fact it did not). No one took Diefenbaker seriously as a policy maker — he had become a political mascot, and yet subtle movements, you did not ask them for direction — but as a symbol of Tory confusion and division he lit up the sky.

Defeat is hard to categorize; there never was a time when the Tories thought they were beaten; they kept waiting for the undecided vote to come home. Stasfield kept doing all the prepared things, concerning the country, visiting the Liberals hip and thigh, and lobbying to explain his controls program. His side, while they became a little bit more in the polls failed to hold a new dawn breaking, thought there was a quiet miracle — or at least a good chance — awaiting somewhere out there. John McEwen, the tour manager, made a point-to-point principle of 148 Tory seats, Tony Blood, a speech writer, was willing to write for a more modest 139. Even Stasfield thought he was doing better than in 1972, though he hedged his bet. "This time," he said, "I think we'll peak one week after the election, instead of two."

But when it was all over and the 1974 Conservative drive was nothing but a pile of torn posters and discarded plastic cups on the floor of the converted car showroom that served as Stasfield's headquarters in Halifax, the Tories had nothing to be ashamed of. They had run an honest campaign, based solidly on a real issue and a distinctive proposal (in contrast to some of the Tweedledums and Twaindles campaigns that litter our history books). Stasfield had conducted himself well, had revealed himself as a man who improves with acquaintance, a decent, solid, honorable man with a sense of responsibility more acute than his political instincts.

There has to be a world in all this. Perhaps it is that Candidates are not yet ready to accept the government's intervention in the economy implicit in an income program. Perhaps it is that the politics of candor stand little chance against the politics of plausible, and that Sir James Fraser was right when he wrote that people want their leaders to belong to "a higher order of humanity than themselves." Or perhaps it's just that, Asap to the contrary, terrorists don't run very fast.

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